

BLUE BOLT

10^c

JULY

Featuring:

BLUE BOLT

SUB-ZERO MAN
SERGEANT SPOOK
SUPERHORSE
PHANTOM SUB
DICK COLE
RUNAWAY RONSON

And Others

W.E.
Rowland

VOL. 1—NO. 2



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BLUE BOLT

THE LIGHTNING MAN

A YOUNG AMERICAN, STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, HAS BEEN HURLED INTO THE SUBTERRANEAN LAND OF DELTOS! DR. BERTOFF-SCIENTIST AND RULER OF DELTOS-REVIVING HIM WITH INJECTIONS OF RADIUM-HAS HARNESSSED THE POWERS OF LIGHTNING IN HIS BODY! SO WAS BORN THE BLUE BOLT!



THE CYCOTRON IS MY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT, BLUE BOLT.



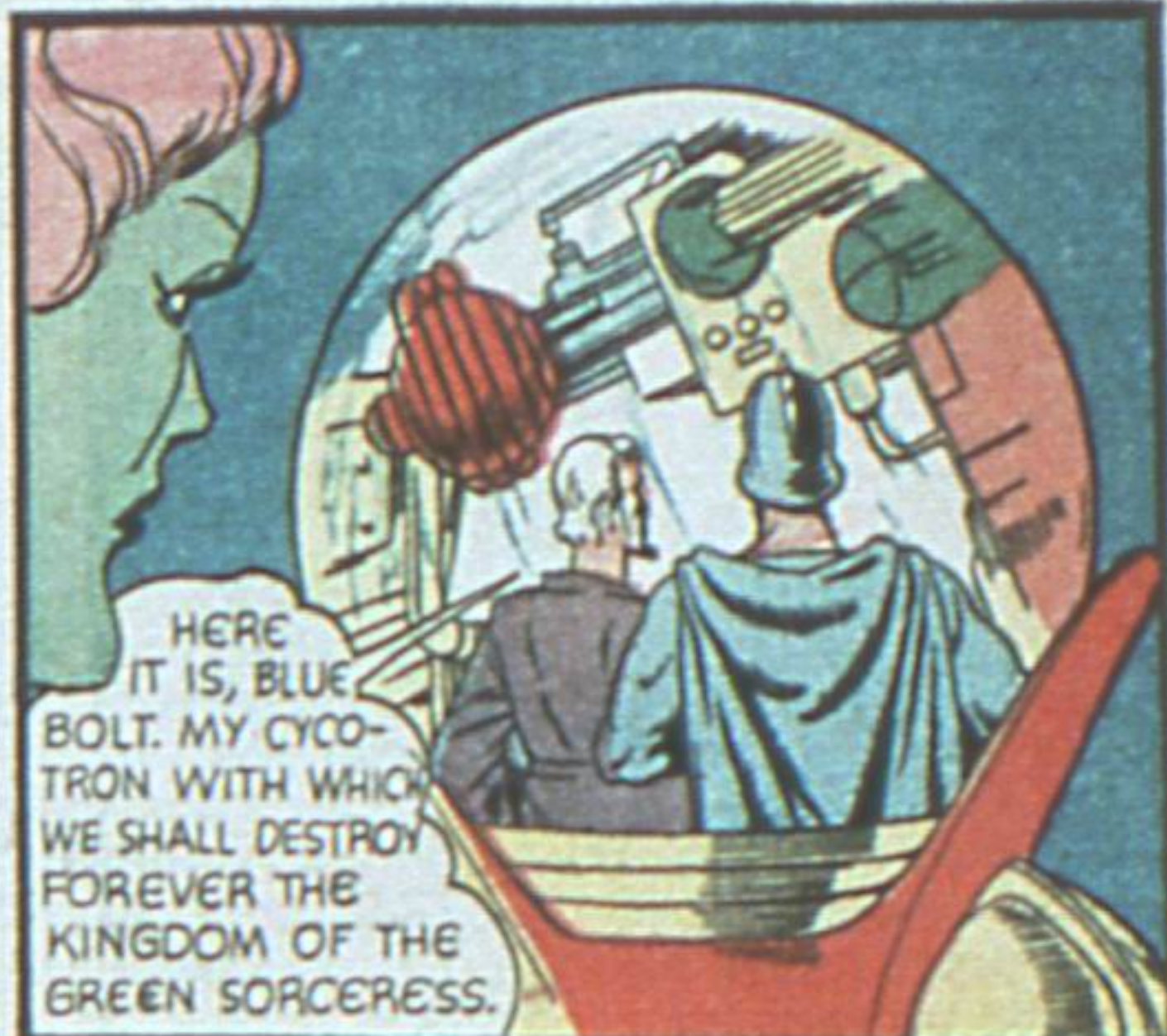
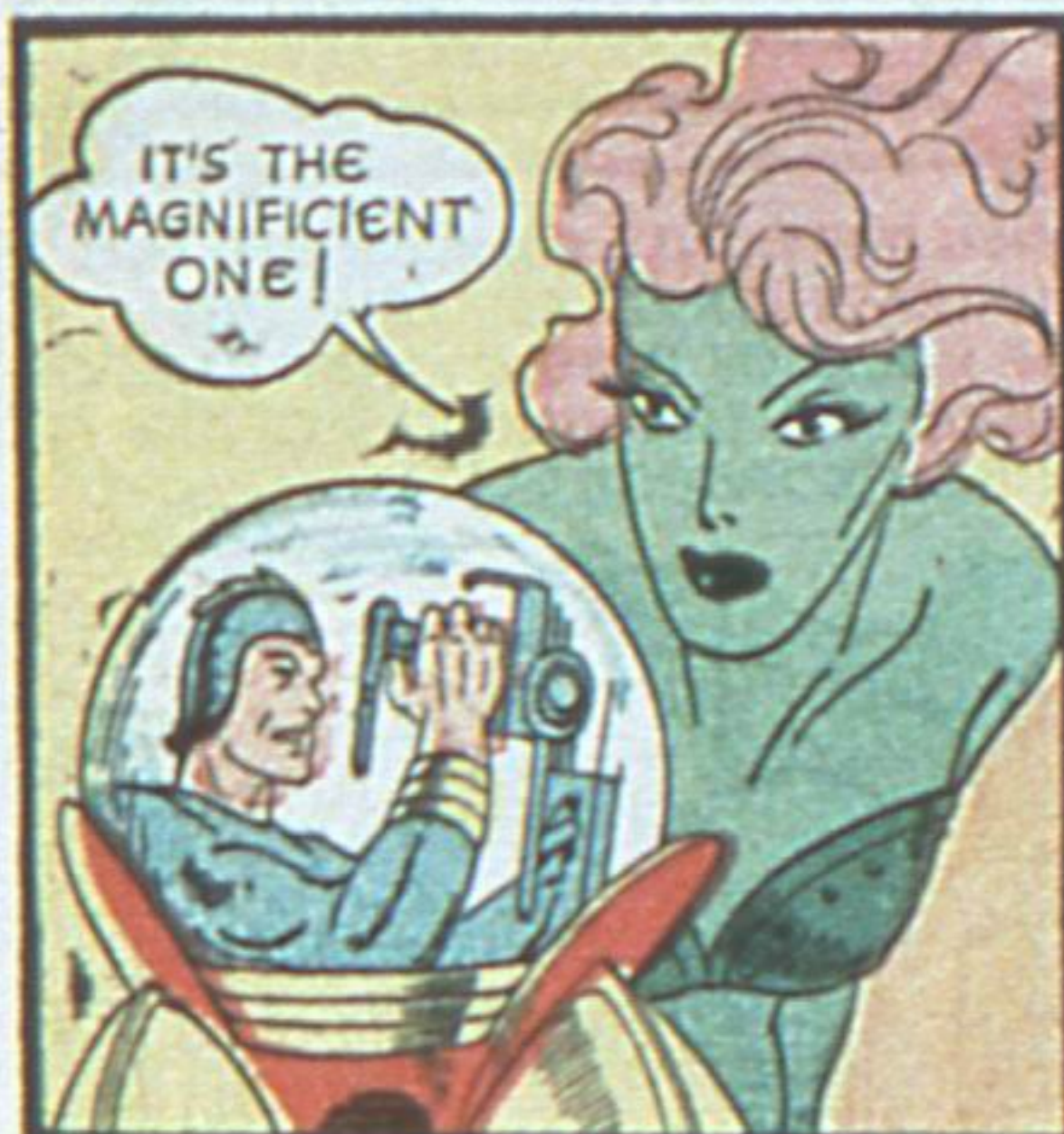
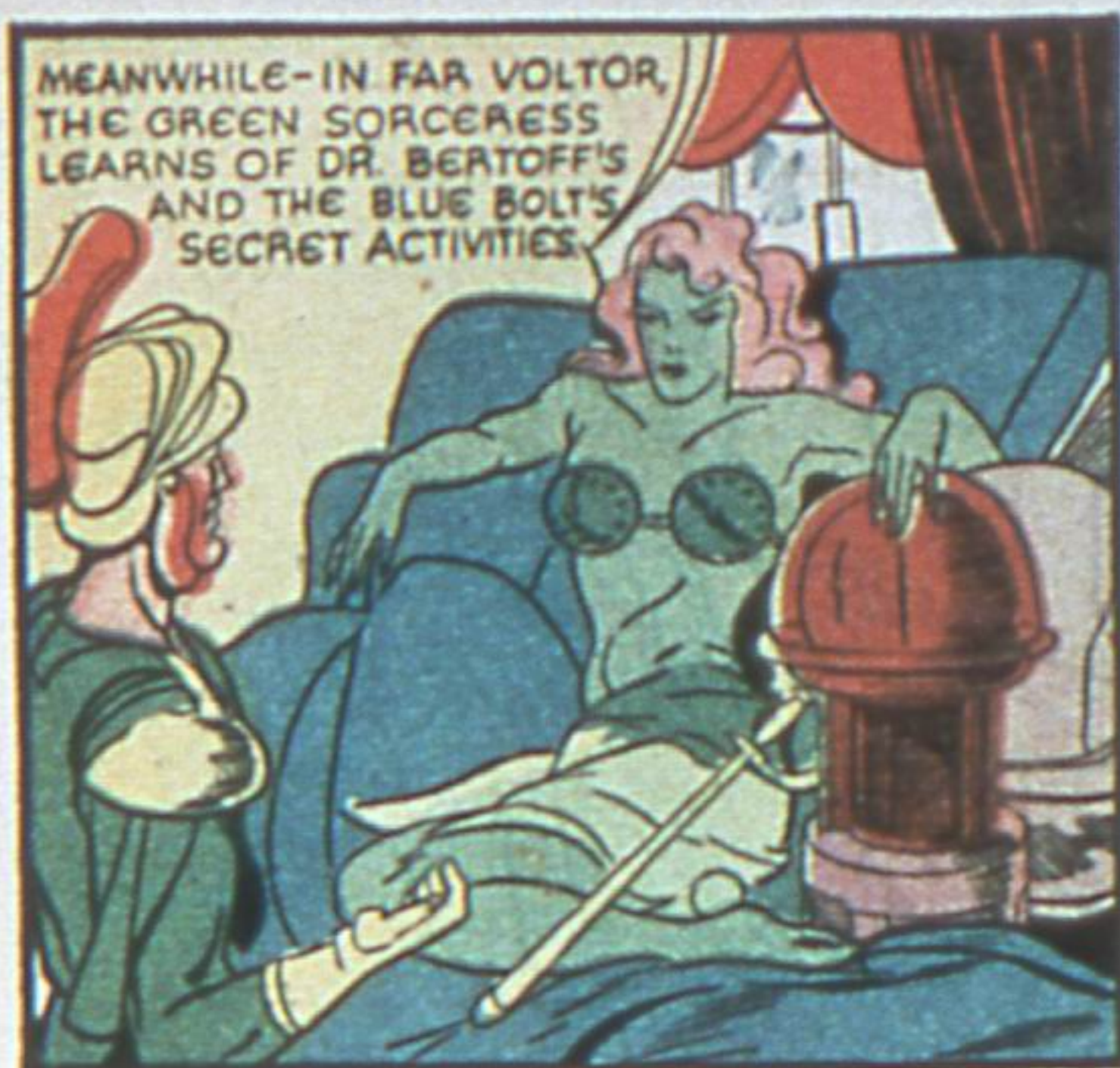
WHEN IT IS FINALLY COMPLETED, IT WILL UNLEASH COUNTLESS TRILLIONS OF VOLTS OF PURE ENERGY TO BE HURLED AT THE KINGDOM OF THE GREEN SORCERESS!

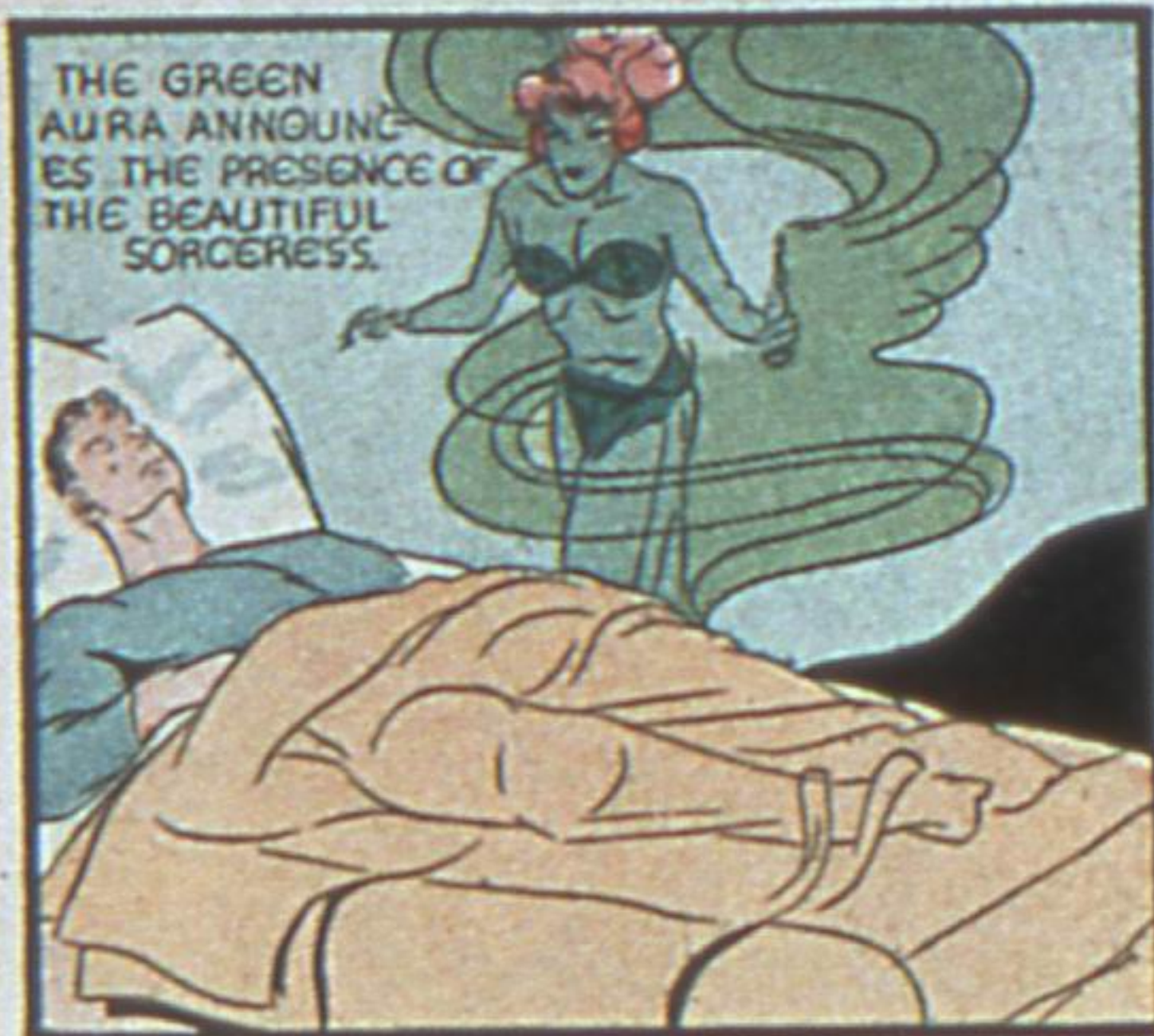


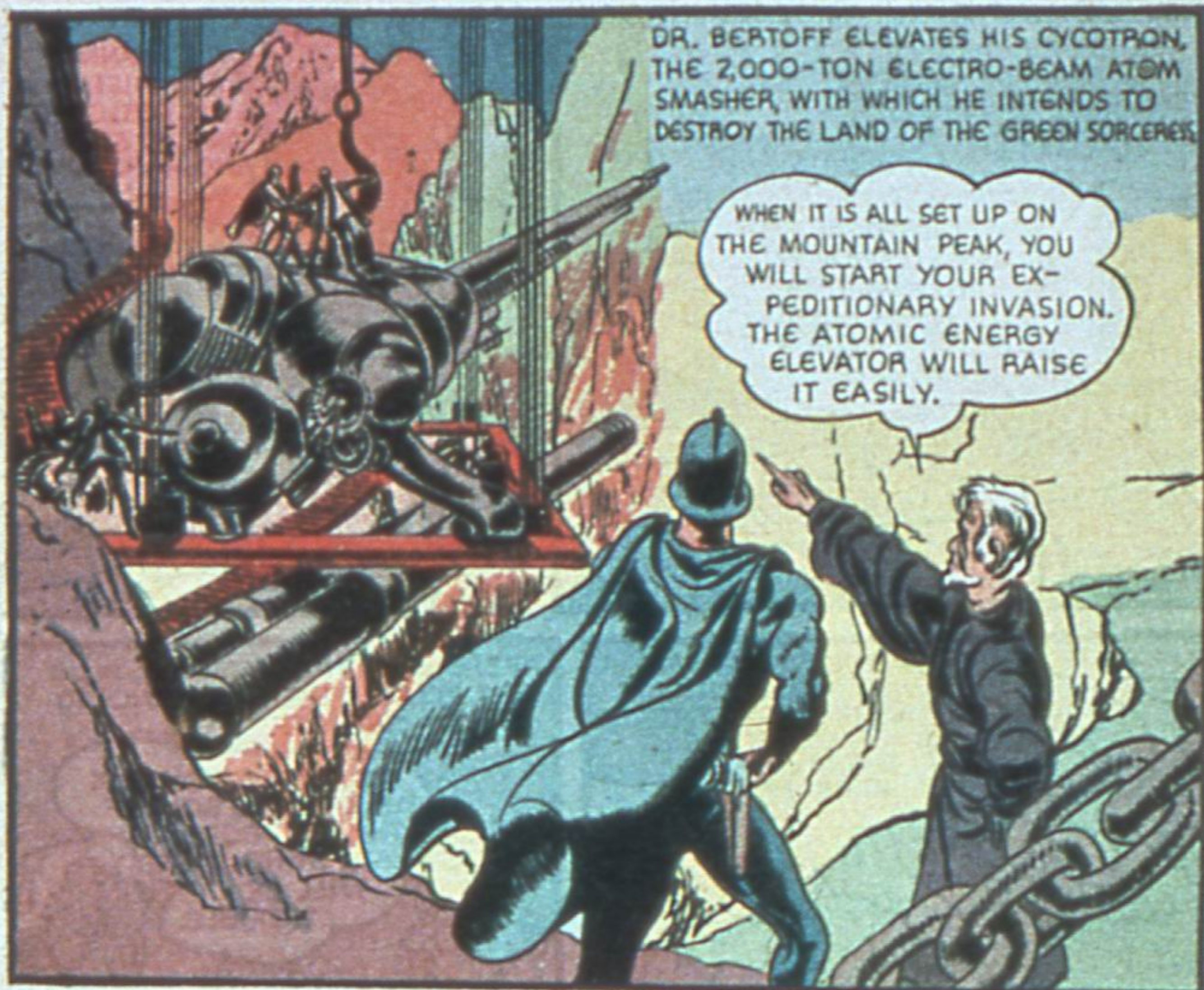
SHE'S CERTAINLY A TRICKY WENCH, TRAVELING ABOUT IN THAT INFERNAL GREEN AURA.



BLUE BOLT. Vol. 1, No. 2, July 1940, published monthly by Novelty Press, Inc., P. O. Box 1168, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 222 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1940, by Funnies, Incorporated, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year. Application for entry as Second-Class Matter at Philadelphia, Pa., is pending. No actual person is named or delineated in this magazine.







DR. BERTOFF ELEVATES HIS CYCOTRON, THE 2,000-TON ELECTRO-BEAM ATOM SMASHER, WITH WHICH HE INTENDS TO DESTROY THE LAND OF THE GREEN SORCERESS.

WHEN IT IS ALL SET UP ON THE MOUNTAIN PEAK, YOU WILL START YOUR EXPEDITIONARY INVASION. THE ATOMIC ENERGY ELEVATOR WILL RAISE IT EASILY.



MAKING CONTACT WITH THE DOCTOR BY MEANS OF HIS PORTABLE MICROPHONE, BLUE BOLT LEADS HIS SQUADRONS TO BATTLE.

CLOSE FORMATION, CAPTAIN. WE'RE NEARING THE LAND OF THE GREEN SORCERESS.



HA! THE FIGHTING IS BEGUN—NOW THE CYCOTRON.



THE CYCOTRON GOES INTO ACTION.

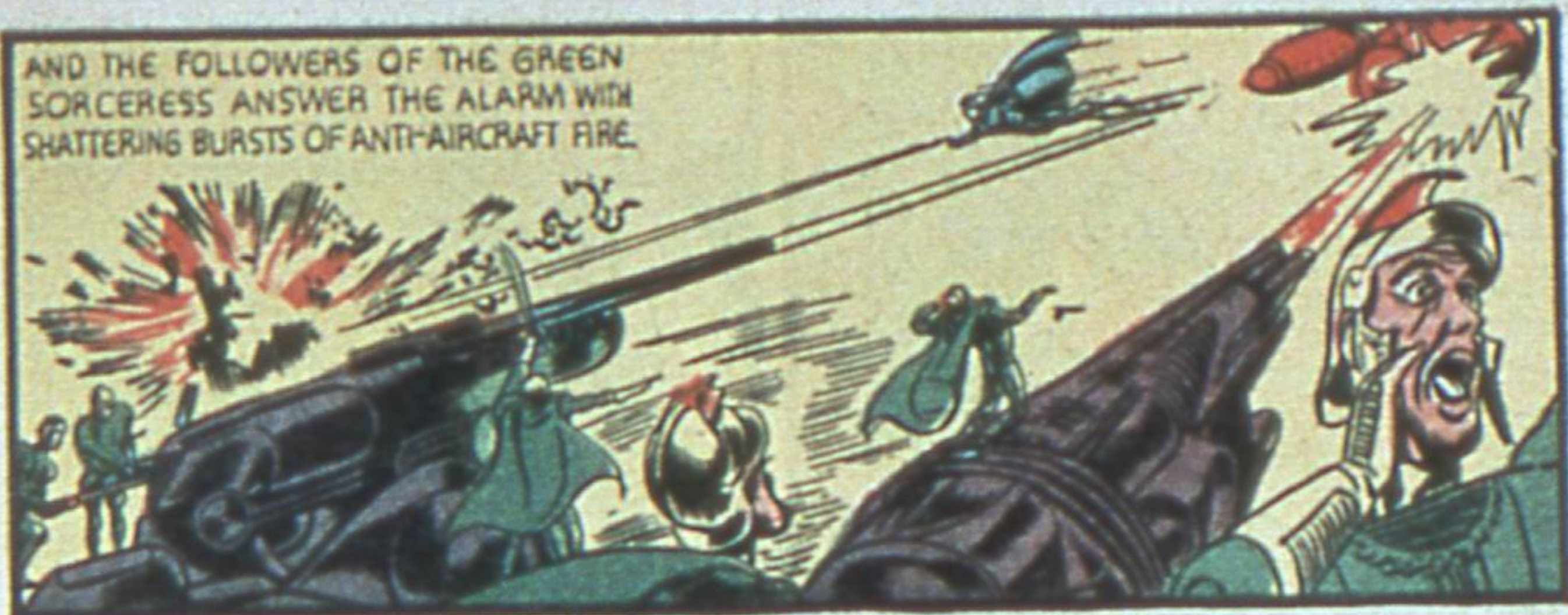
THERE GOES THE RAY—GOOD OLE DOC! JUST IN TIME.



WHILE IN THE CONTROL TOWER OF THE SORCERESS'S STRONGHOLD, FEVERISH HANDS SET THE SIGNAL TO ARM.



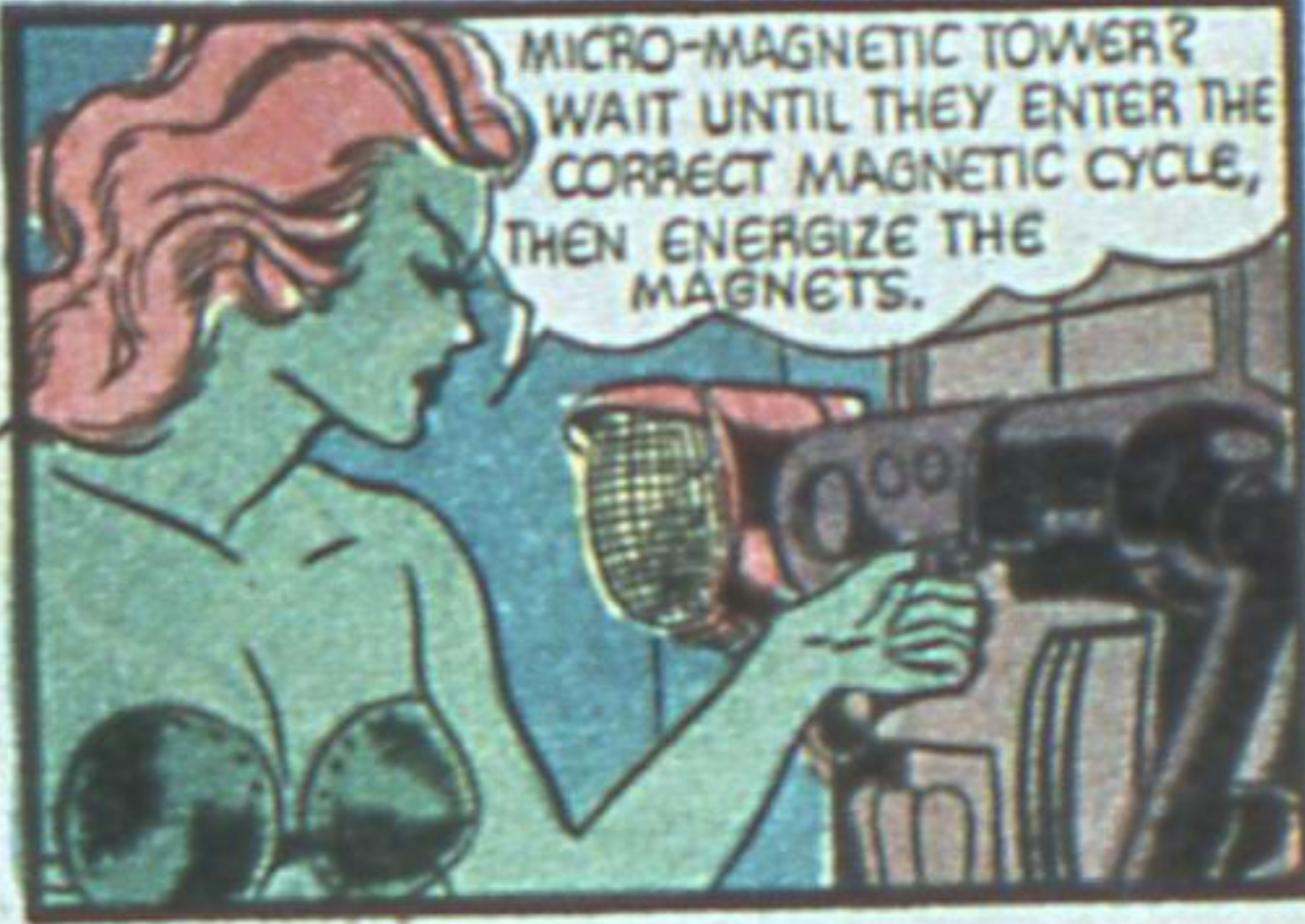
AND THE FOLLOWERS OF THE GREEN SORCERESS ANSWER THE ALARM WITH SHATTERING BURSTS OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.



SO! THEY ATTACK! GOOD! THEY PLAY RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!



MICRO-MAGNETIC TOWER? WAIT UNTIL THEY ENTER THE CORRECT MAGNETIC CYCLE, THEN ENERGIZE THE MAGNETS.



IN THE MICRO-MAGNETIC TOWER, THE MAGNO MECHANICS SEE THE ENTIRE BATTLE ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN.



WONDER WHERE DOC'S BEAM IS? DOCTOR BERTOFF—CALLING DOCTOR BERTOFF!



HAH! THEY ARE IN THE MAGNETIC CYCLE! READY-FIRE!

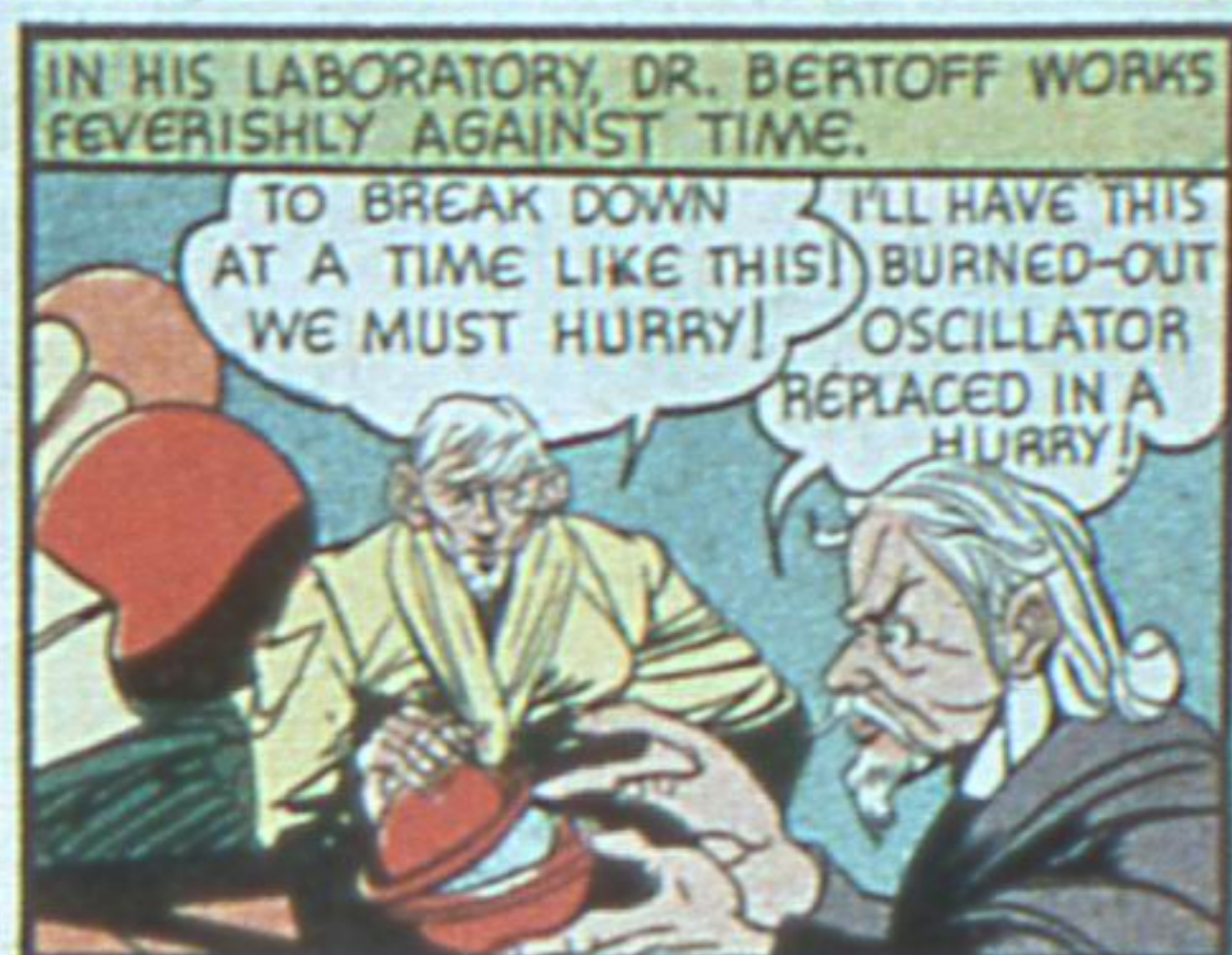
FIRE IT IS, SIR!



WHAT IS IT? THE MOTORS ARE USELESS! WE'RE BEING PULLED DOWN!



DRAWN BY THE POWERFUL MAGNET, BLUE BOLTS WARSHIPS ARE RENDERED HELPLESS—







BLUE BOLT IS IMPRISONED IN THE DUNGEON OF DOOM. HE WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE SOFTENING FOOTSTEPS OF THE GUARD.

HE'S GONE!
LUCKY THEY
DIDN'T FIND MY
LIGHTNING
GUN!

GOOD! THE
LOCK IS GIVING
WAY! NOW TO
FREE MY SOL-
DIERS!

HURRY! UNTIE
THE MEN—
SOMEONE
APPROACHES!

FIND YOUR
ARMS—THERE
MAY BE A
FIGHT!

RUN, MEN!
PICK THE
FASTEST
SHIPS!

WHAT'S ALL
THE COMMOTION
HERE?—
WHAT TH—?

BLUE BOLT, WITH CLEAN, POWERFUL
BLOWS, HOLDS OFF THE ENEMY, WHILE
HIS MEN
SEEK THEIR
WEAPONS.

IN THE MIDST OF
THE BATTLE, GREEN-
ISH VAPOR APPEARS
— THE GREEN
AURA!

LOOK OUT! TOO LATE—I'VE
SHOT HER!

OUT OF THE AURA RISES
THE GREEN SORCERESS.



DICK COLE

WONDER — BOY

By Bob Davis



ANOTHER STORY OF DICK COLE — THAT
SUPER BOY OF AMERICAN YOUTH — WHOSE
AMAZING MENTAL AND PHYSICAL POW-
ERS HAVE BEEN SCIENTIFICALLY DEVELOPED
FROM INFANCY, BY HIS ADOPTED FATHER
— PROF. BLAIR.



SCENE: ACADEMY LAKE.

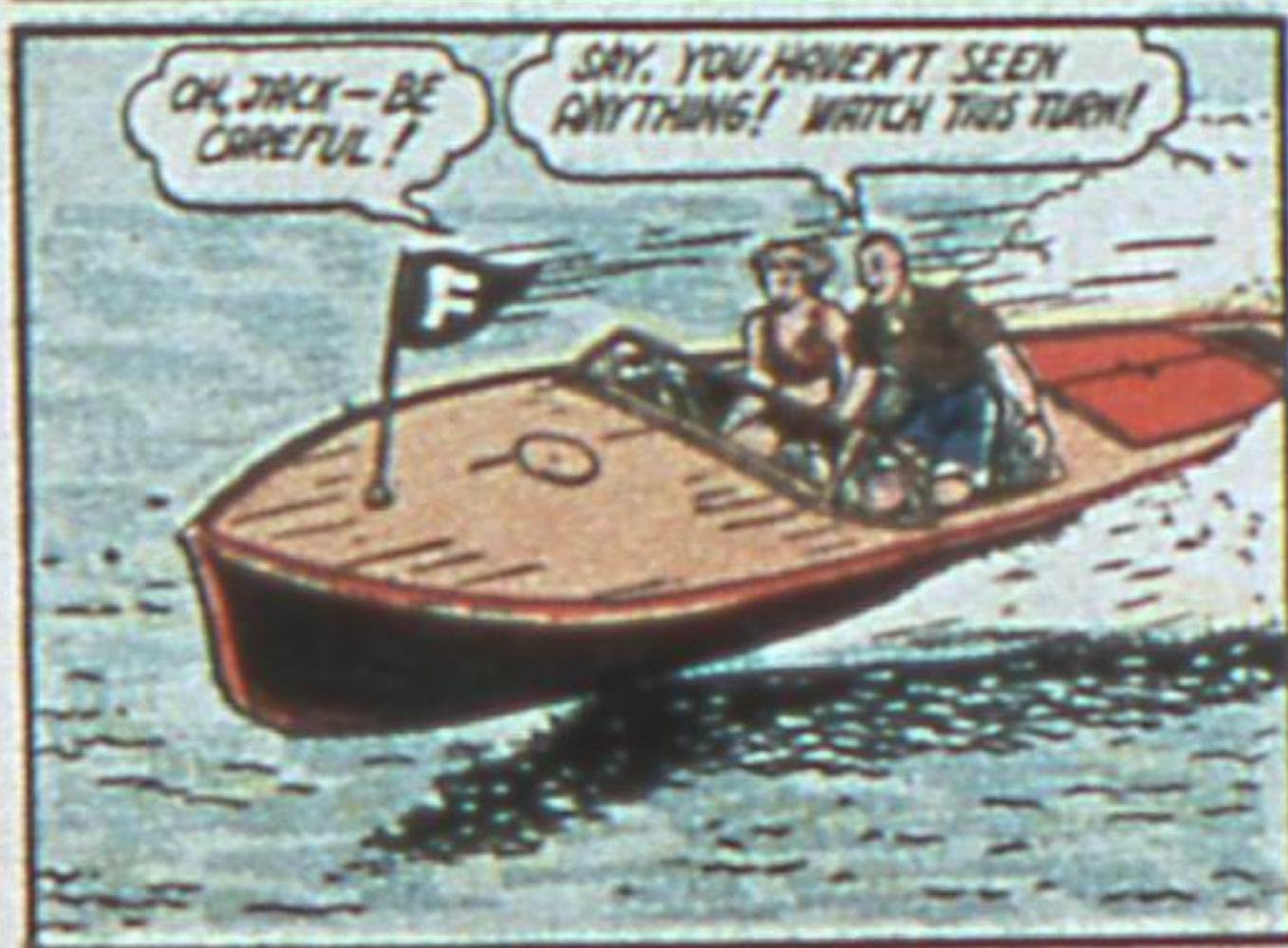


ALL RIGHT, LADS ...
GATHER 'ROUND, EDDIE—
MURPH—YOU DICK—



NOW, I
WANT —

HEY, LOOK!
JACK BRITTON'S BOAT—
THERE'LL BE AN
ACCIDENT!!



OH, JACK—BE
CAREFUL!

SAY, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN
ANYTHING! WATCH THIS TURN!



JACK! LOOK
OUT!

ZING-O-!

HEY!

SENSING DISASTER, DICK COLE PLUNGES TO THE RESCUE—

WOW!

THEY'RE
GOING TO
HIT!

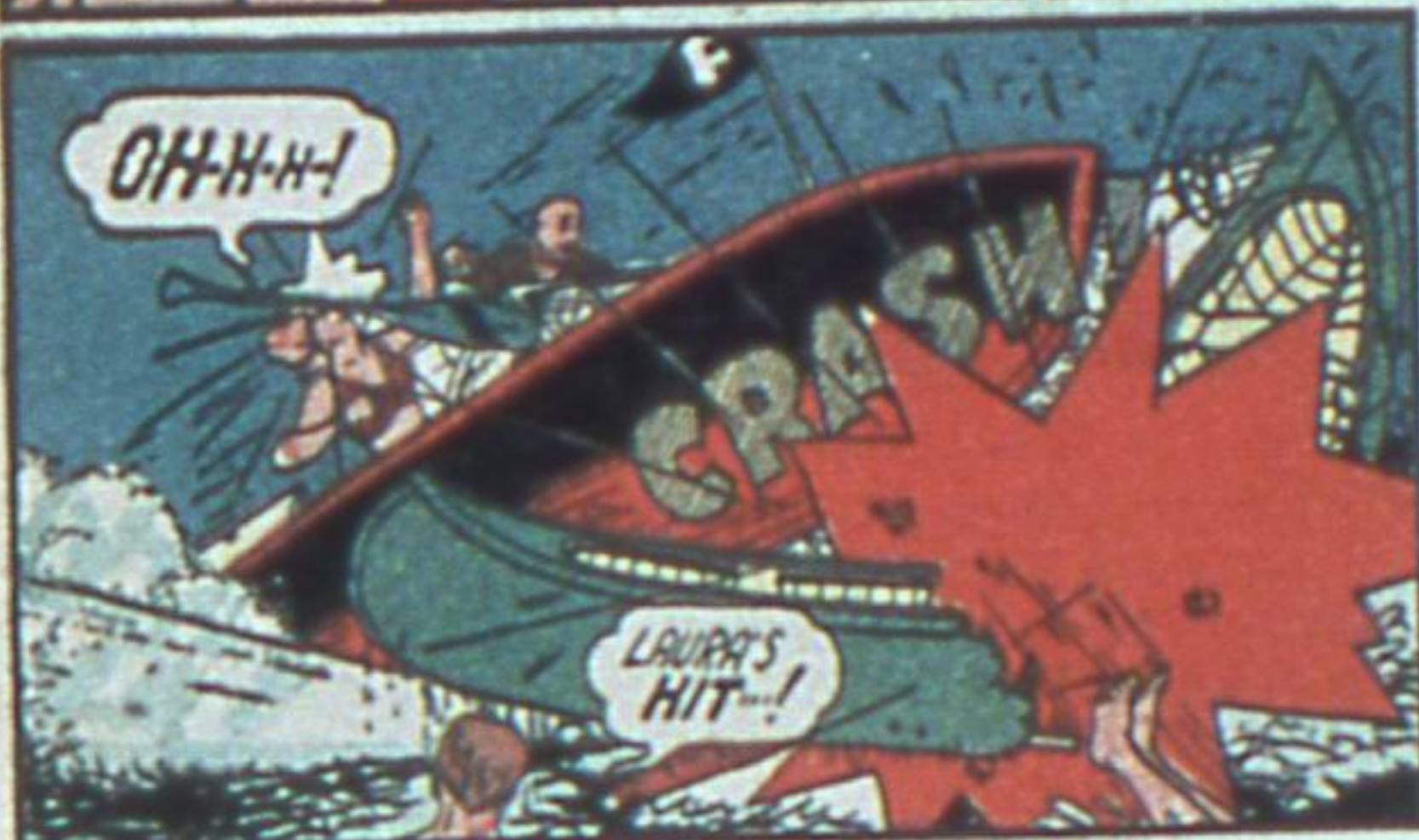
THERE GOES
DICK!!

GREAT HEAVENS!
LAURA'S IN THAT BOAT
WITH RYTON!

HIS SUPER POWER CARRIES HIM SWIFTLY TO THE SCENE

OH, THEY'LL
BE KILLED!!

FOOLS!

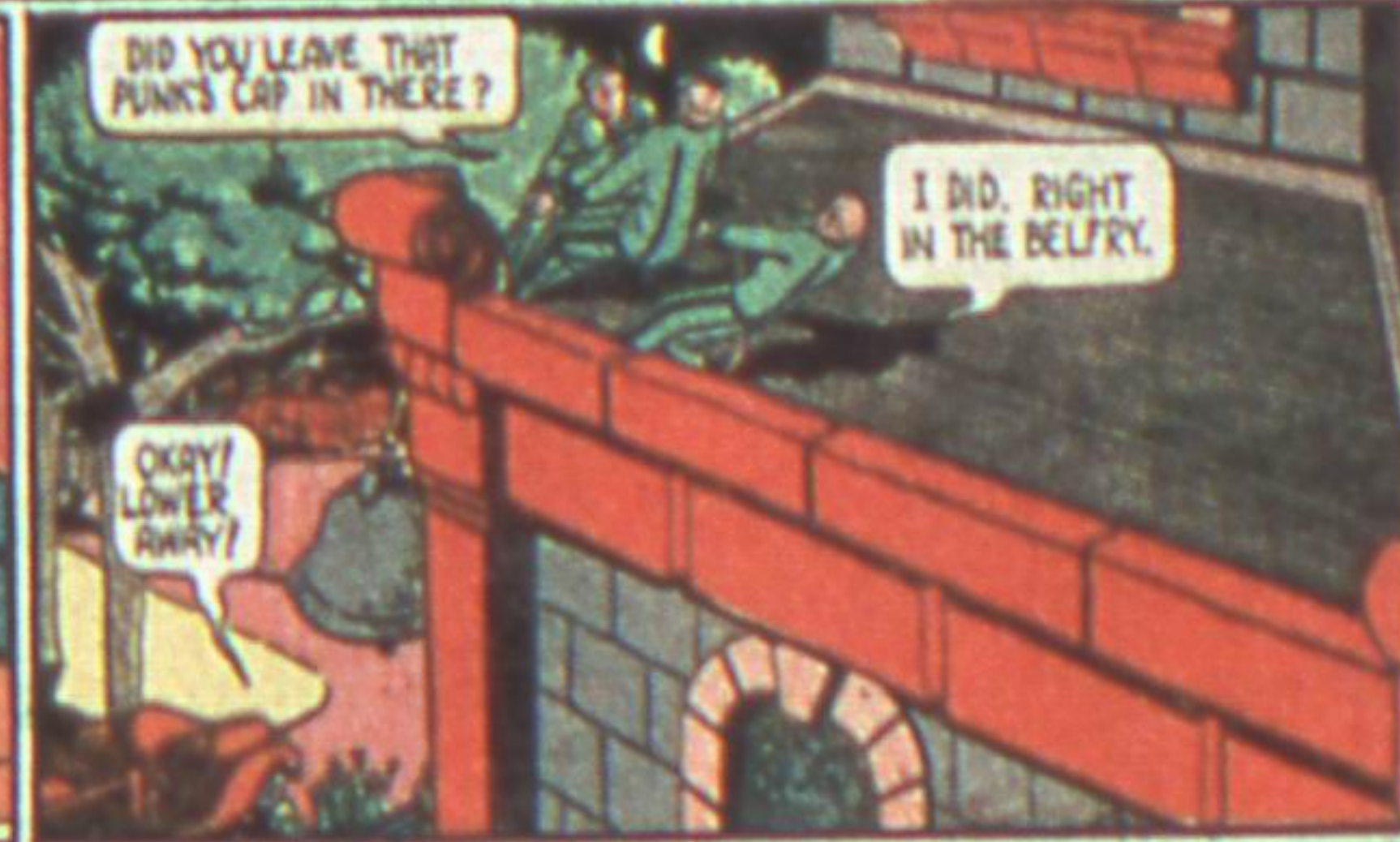


THE IMPACT THROWS LAURA CLEAR



AS DICK NEARS LAURA, A HUGE TURTLE APPROACHES, BUT —







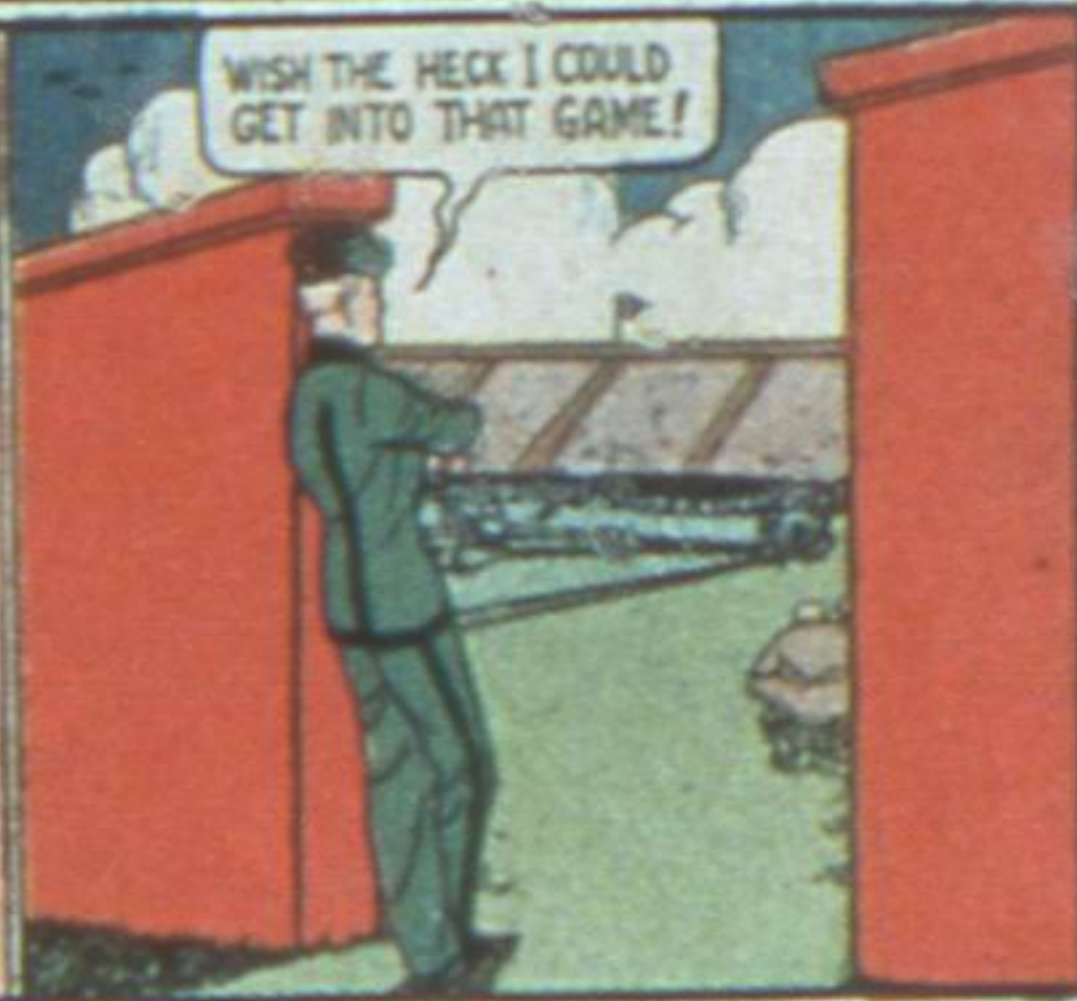
I CAN ONLY REPEAT, SIR, I KNOW NOTHING OF THE AFFAIR, INCLUDING THE PRESENCE OF MY CAP IN THE BELFRY.



VERY WELL, SINCE YOU PREFER IT, YOU WILL DO SENTRY DUTY FOR TWO WEEKS AND SUSPEND ALL SOCIAL ACTIVITY. IF THE BELL IS NOT RETURNED WITHIN THAT TIME, YOU WILL BE EXPELLED! COURT DISMISSED!

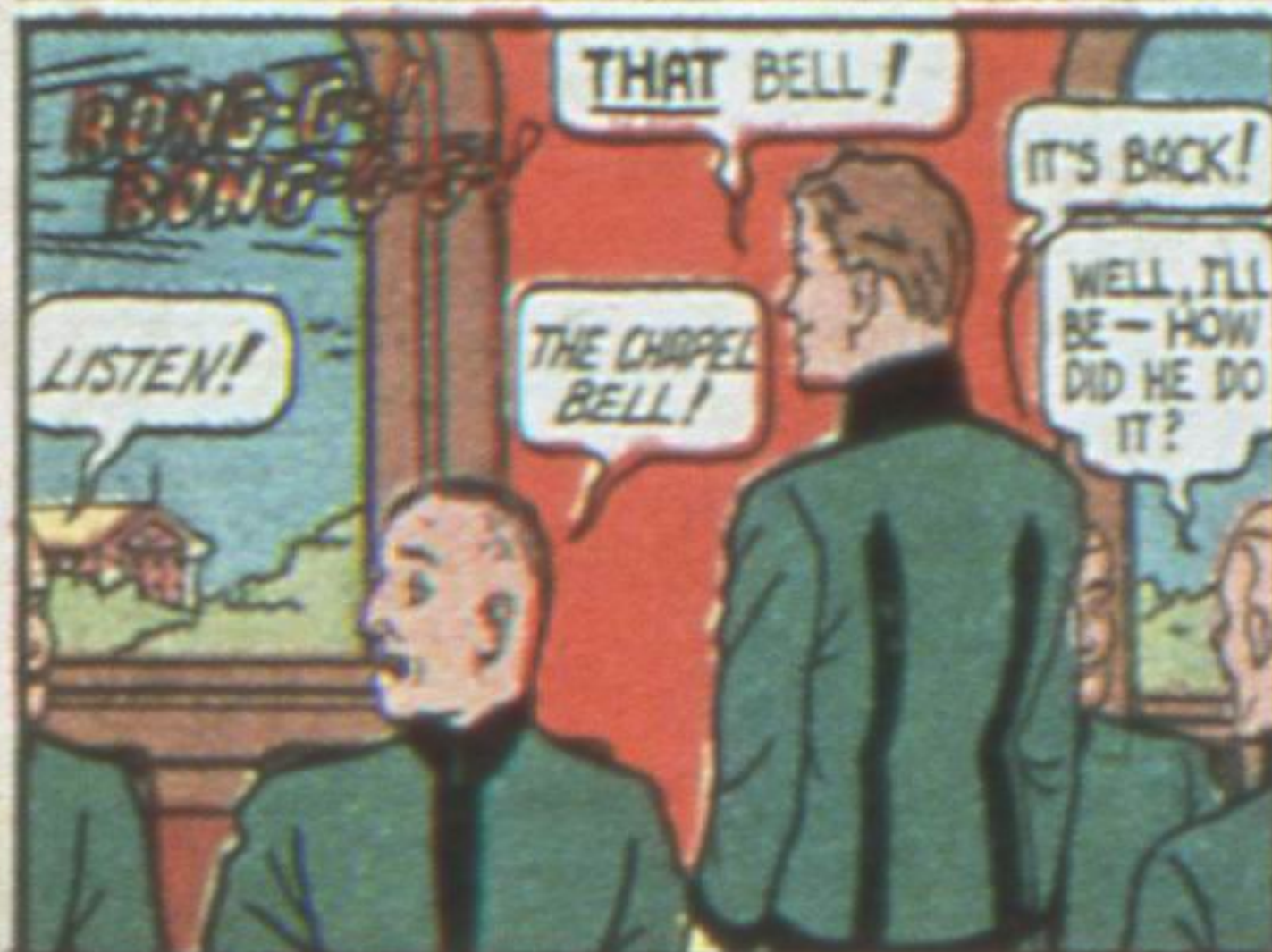
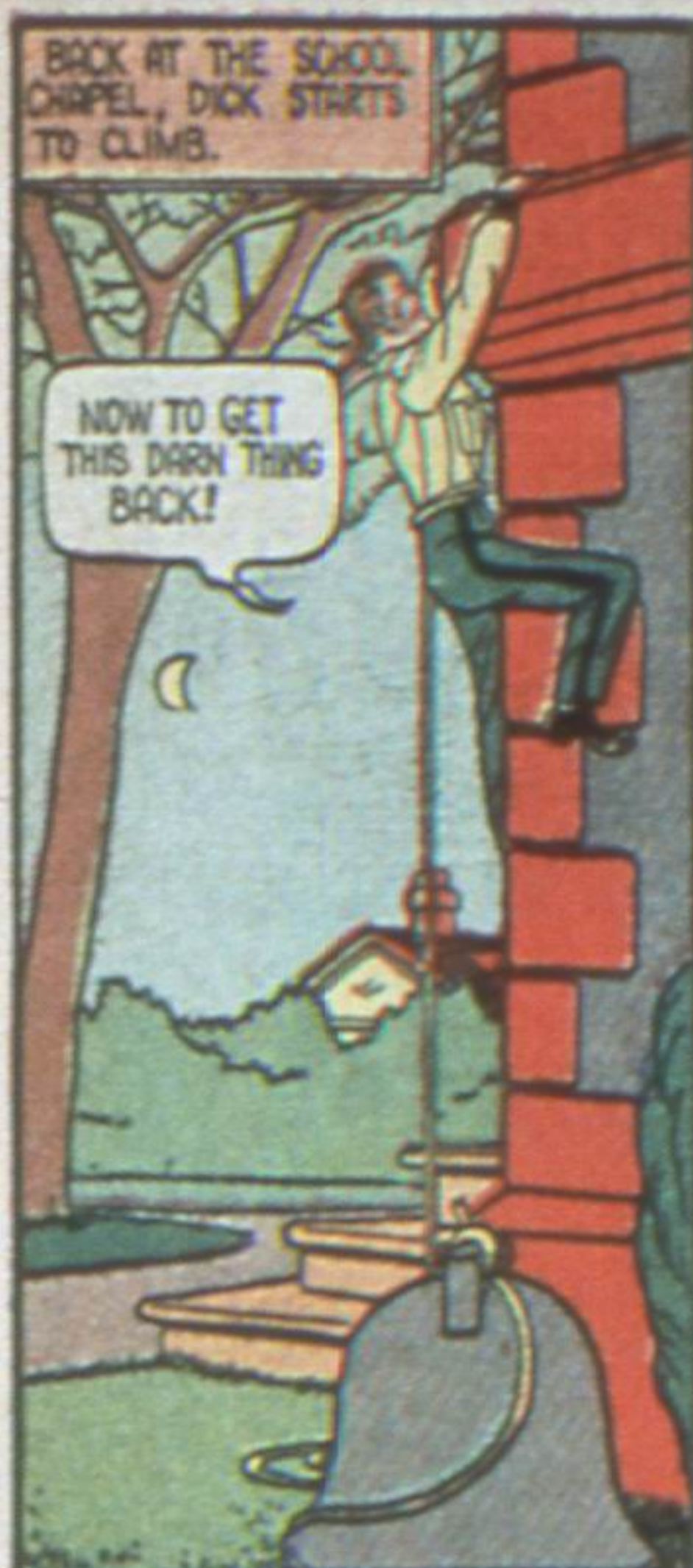


WITH THE BEGINNING OF HIS SENTENCE, DICK IS BARRED FROM ATHLETICS.









ANOTHER WONDER BOY STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT!





WANT A LIFT, YOUNG FELLA?

I SURE DO!



I'M GOING AS FAR AS CENTRO... GREAT LITTLE CITY, BOOMING ALL THE TIME!



SAY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS SUB-ZERO GUY THE PAPERS ARE TALKING ABOUT? I SURE HOPE I NEVER MEET HIM!

OH, HE'D PROBABLY GIVE YOU THE COLD SHOULDER ANYWAY!



COLD SHOULDER... HAW, HAW!... PRETTY GOOD! TARNATION, LOOK AT THAT RADIATOR STEAM!



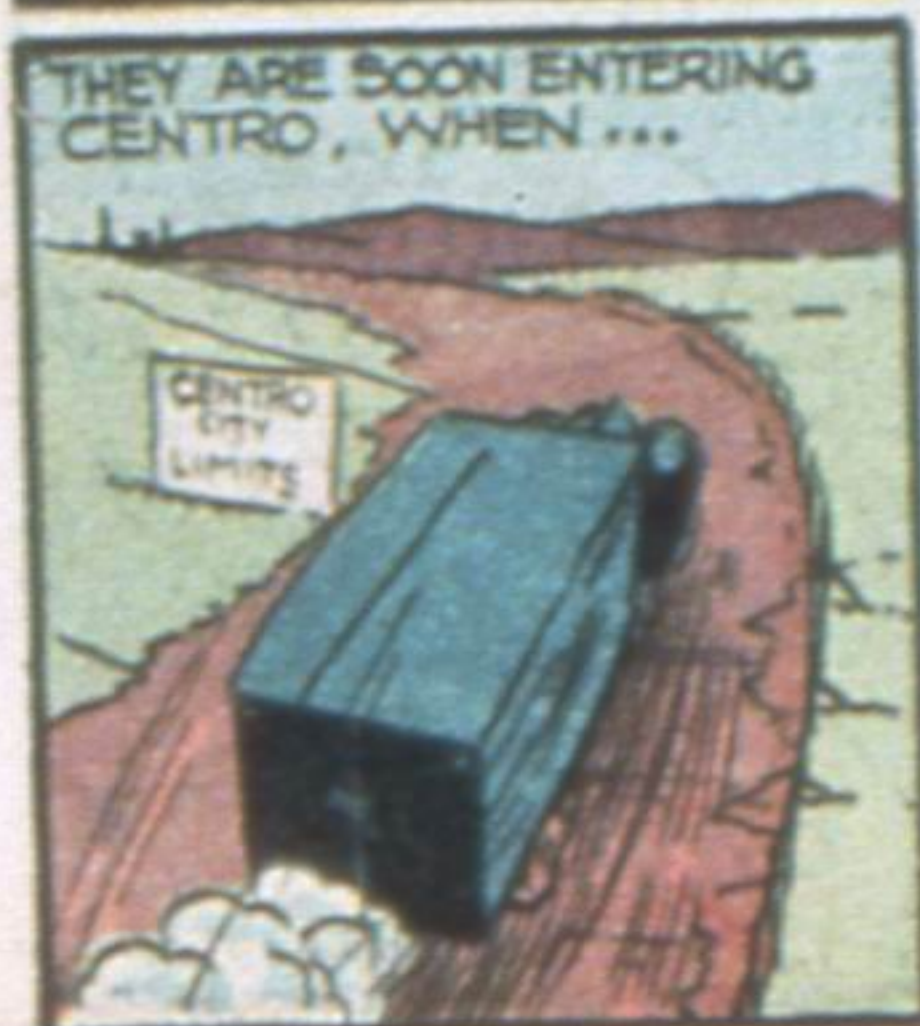
SIT TIGHT... I'M GOING AFTER SOME WATER!



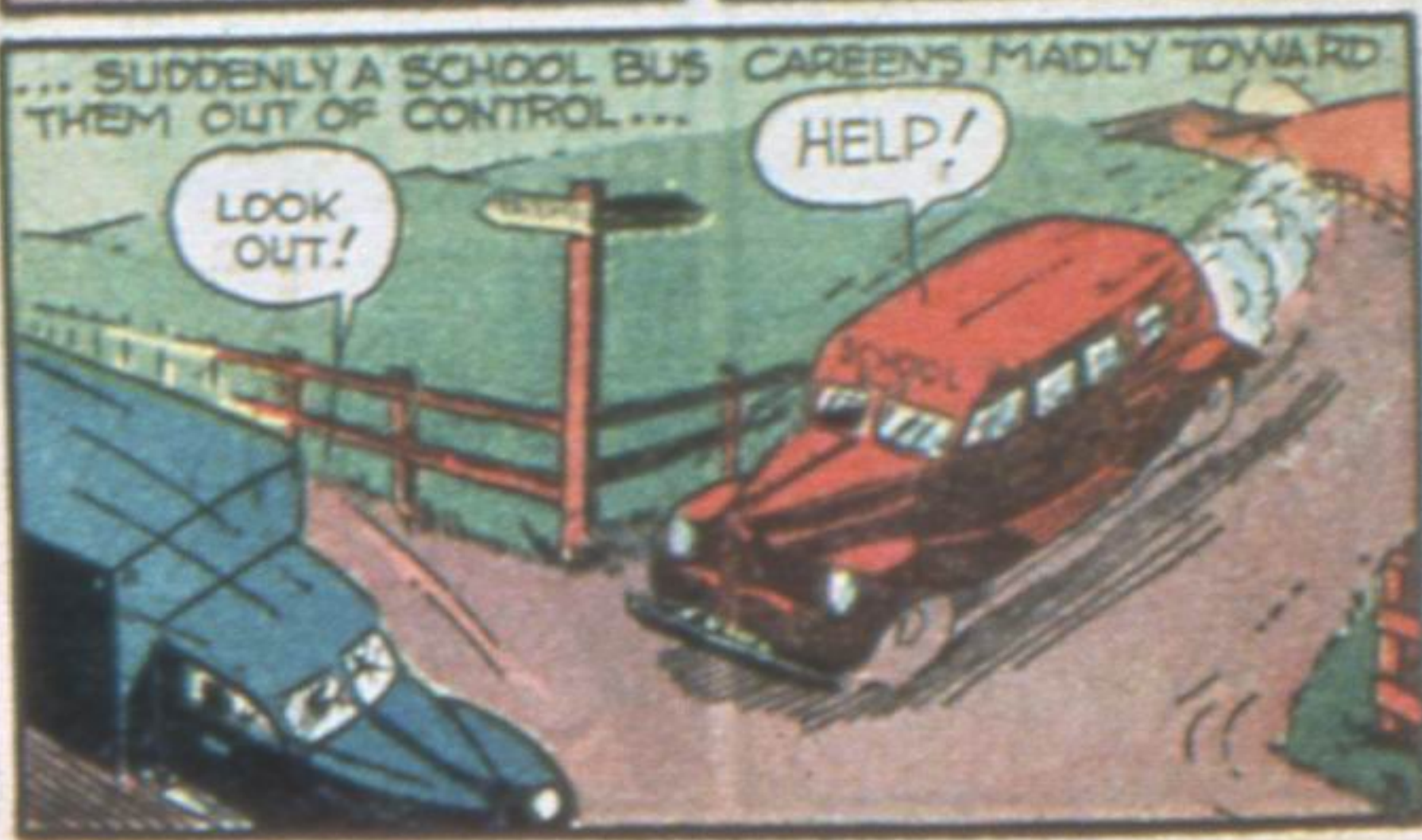
WHILE THE DRIVER IS GONE, SUB-ZERO COOLS THE RADIATOR OF THE TRUCK WITH A WAVE OF HIS ICY HAND...



WELL, IF THAT DOESN'T BEAT ALL... IT'S STOPPED STEAMING!



THEY ARE SOON ENTERING CENTRO, WHEN...



... SUDDENLY A SCHOOL BUS CAREENS MADLY TOWARD THEM OUT OF CONTROL...

LOOK OUT!

HELP!







BANDITS ... ROBBING
SECOND NATIONAL AT
PINE AND MAIN ... SEND
SQUAD CAR, HURRY!



THE BANDITS SHOOT THEIR
WAY OUT OF THE BANK ...

A
COPPER!



THE PATROLMAN IS HIT ...

OH!



QUICK ... THEY
WENT THAT WAY!

O.K.



THERE THEY
ARE ... STEP ON
IT!

MEANWHILE - SUB-ZERO
SEES THIS RUNNING
GUN BATTLE HEARING
HIM ...



WHAT'S THIS? A
GUN FIGHT IN CARS!



... SUB-ZERO DIRECTS AN ICY
BLAST AT THE THUG'S CAR.

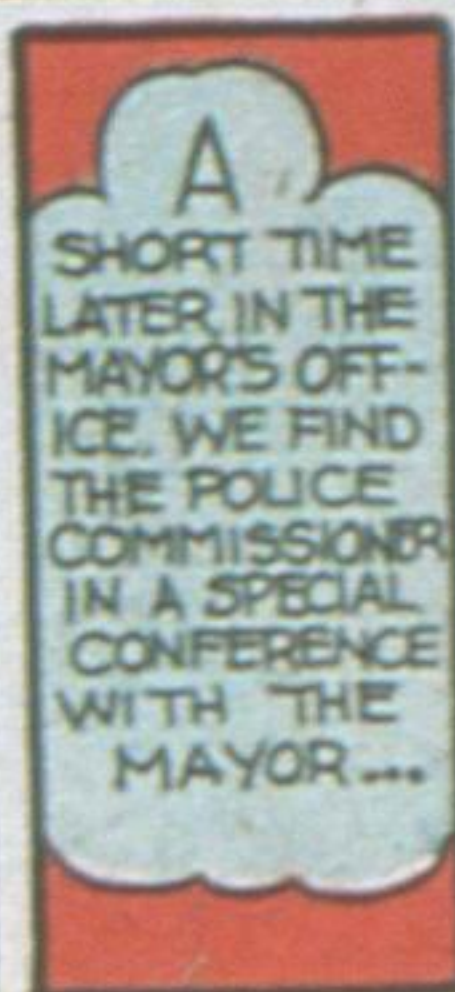
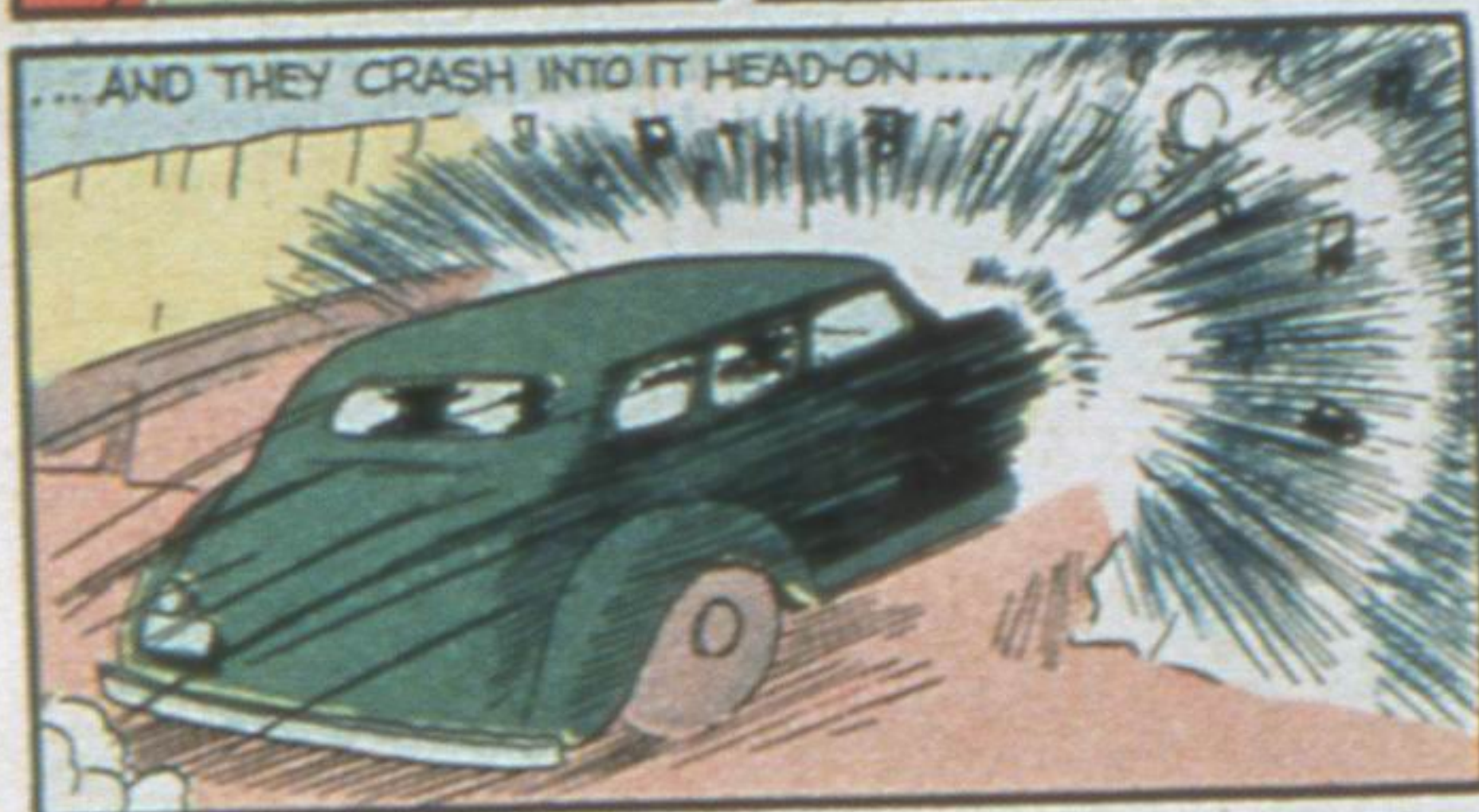
I'LL STOP
THEM!



... SUB-ZERO MISSES AND THE POLICE CAR IS STOPPED ...

SHUCKS, I MISSED ...
I'LL HAVE TO TRY
AGAIN!

HEY ... WHAT'S
WRONG? WE'RE
FREEZING!



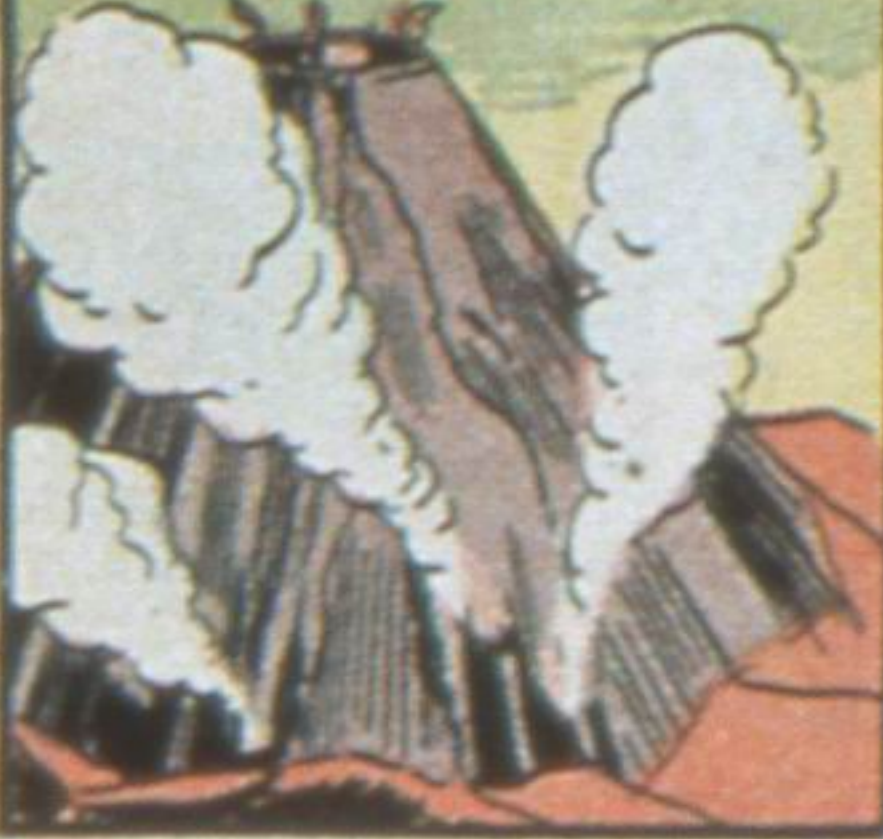
SUDDENLY A LONG DORMANT VOLCANO IN A NEARBY MOUNTAIN RANGE EXPLODES



... IT'S SUPPOSEDLY EXTINCT CRATER IS A BUBBLING POOL OF RED-HOT LAVA ...



... SOON THE HOT LAVA IS RUSHING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE ...



A FOREST RANGER DISCOVERS THE CALAMITY ...

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE ... AND CENTRO IS RIGHT IN ITS PATH!



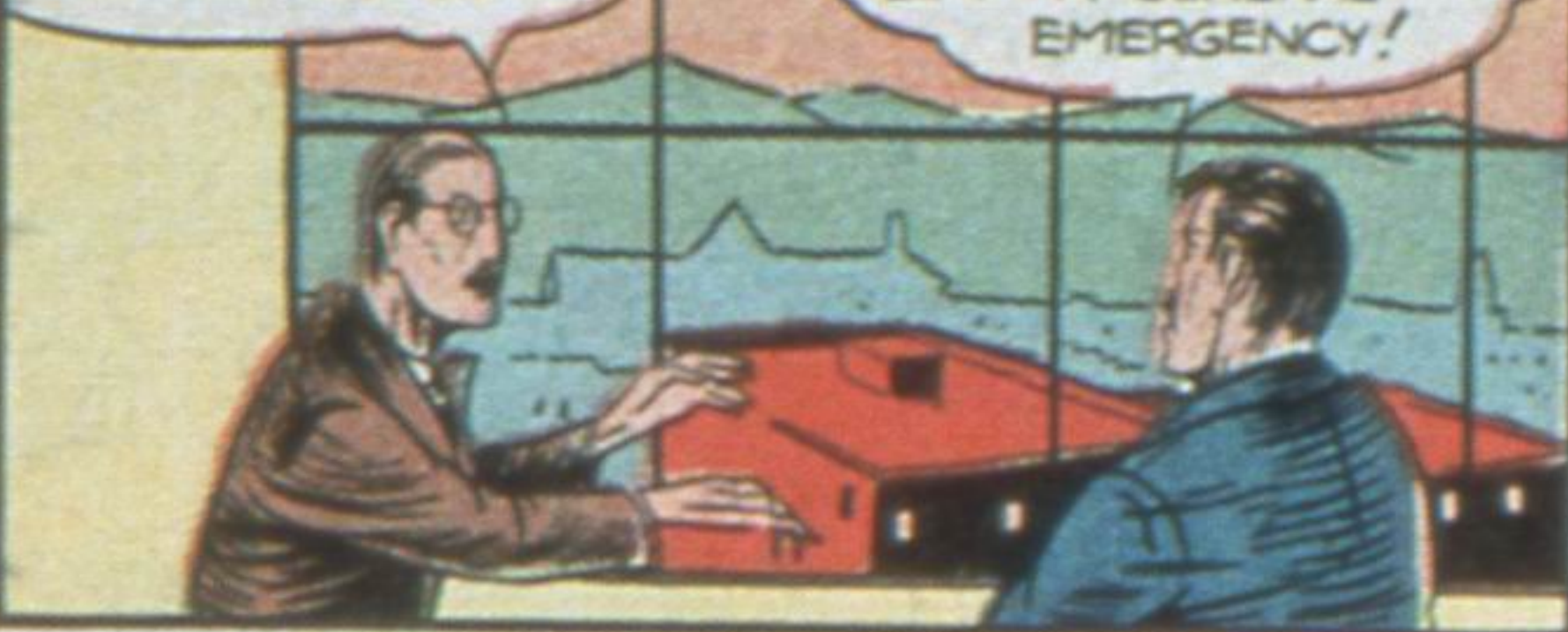
... AND QUICKLY SPREADS THE ALARM ...

EVACUATE AT ONCE ... THE LAVA IS MOVING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED!



SMOKEY MOUNTAIN JUST EXPLODED, AND THE LAVA IS RUSHING THIS WAY ... WHAT'LL WE DO?

DO ... WE'VE GOT TO GET EVERYBODY OUT OF THE CITY AT ONCE! PROCLAIM A GENERAL EMERGENCY!



COMMANDEER EVERY MODE OF TRANSPORTATION, TAKE OVER EVERY TRAIN, TRUCK, BUS ...



SOON UNDER THE SYSTEMATIC ARRANGEMENTS OF THE POLICE, THE POPULATION OF CENTRO IS BEING EVACUATED TO A SAFE SPOT



FORGOTTEN IN THE CRISIS, SUB-ZERO LEARNS ABOUT THE VOLCANO.

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO STOP THE LAVA!

WHY, THERE'S THAT STRANGE MAN WHO SAVED ME FROM DROWNING!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE VOLCANO... HE'LL BE KILLED!... I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! HE SAVED MY LIFE, NOW I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

AT THE CITY LIMITS NEAREST THE LAVA FLOW...

IT WILL BE JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES NOW, MAYOR... WE TRIED TO DIVERT THE FLOW WITH DYNAMITE, BUT IT WAS NO USE!

WE MIGHT AS WELL DRIVE OFF... THIS MOTORCYCLE OFFICER WILL STAY JUST AHEAD OF THE FLOW IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY!

SUB-ZERO ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...

THERE'S THE LAVA!

OFFICER... STOP THAT MAN!... HE MUST BE TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE!

QUICK!... STOP HIM!... HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING!

...QUICKLY SUB-ZERO FREEZES THE OFFICER IN HIS TRACKS...

JUST A MINUTE, OFFICER...

...THAT'LL HOLD YOU... NOW I WANT TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT THIS HOT LAVA!

WITH A WAVE OF HIS ICY HAND, SUB-ZERO FREEZES THE WALL OF LAVA SOLID AND STOPS ITS DESTRUCTIVE FLOW...

LOOK... THE LAVA'S STOPPED AND IT HAS TURNED COLD!



IT'S THE SUB-ZERO MAN AND HE'S SAVED OUR CITY!



YOU LOOK COLD, OLD MAN, HAVE A SHOT FROM THIS ATOMIC GUN, IT'LL WARM YOU UP!



YOU SHALL HAVE THE GREATEST BANQUET THAT CENTRO HAS EVER SEEN... OH, I FORGOT TO INTRODUCE YOU TWO... SUB-ZERO, THIS IS JANET WARE!



NOW THAT WE'VE REALLY MET, YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY THIS TIME!

AND NOW MAY I PRESENT OUR GUEST OF HONOR, THE MAN WHO SAVED OUR GREAT CITY... THE SUB-ZERO MAN!



IF I WAS SORT OF COLD TO YOU AT FIRST, I CAN REASSURE YOU THAT THE WARMTH OF THIS WELCOME HAS COMPLETELY THAWED ME OUT!



FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THIS AMAZING CHARACTER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

BLUE BOLT

OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

by
K. L. H.



"NATHAN HALE," SAID OLD CAP HAWKINS TO HIS PAL JOE, "IS ONE OF OUR GREATEST HEROES. I'LL TELL YE HIS STORY."



"THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION FOUND YOUNG NATHAN TEACHING SCHOOL. BUT HE SOON GAVE UP HIS CLASSES TO ENTER THE CONTINENTAL ARMY."



"TO AID THE CAUSE HE ENLISTED IN THE DANGEROUS SECRET SERVICE, DOFFING HIS UNIFORM TO BECOME A SPY."



"NATHAN WENT TO LONG ISLAND TO GET CERTAIN IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR WASHINGTON."



"WHILE WAITING FOR A BOATMAN TO TAKE HIM TO NEW YORK, NATHAN WAS RECOGNIZED BY A TORY."



"AS HE WAS ABOUT TO ESCAPE ACROSS THE SOUND, HE WAS ARRESTED, AND—"



"—TAKEN BEFORE LORD HOWE, WHERE HE WAS CONDEMNED AS A SPY."



"HE SPENT HIS LAST HOURS WRITING TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTER."



"BUT HIS LETTERS WERE DESTROYED BEFORE HIS EYES—AND HE WAS REFUSED A CLERGYMAN."



"NATHAN MET HIS FATE WITHOUT FEAR. ASKED BY HIS GUARDS WHETHER HE HAD ANYTHING TO SAY, HE REPLIED IN THESE IMMORTAL WORDS:"



"I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY!"

THE WHITE RIDER

AND HIS

SUPER HORSE

ANOTHER STORY OF THE WHITE RIDER, GRIM AVENGER OF WRONGS, AND HIS AMAZING HORSE, CLOUD, THE ANIMAL OF SUPER POWER AND INTELLIGENCE. BORN IN A STRANGE "LOST CANYON," WHERE THE PULL OF GRAVITY IS GREAT, SUPER-HORSE BECOMES A WONDER ANIMAL OUT OF THE CANYON UNDER NORMAL GRAVITY. THESE POWERS THE WHITE RIDER HAS DEDICATED TO THE WEAK AND OPPRESSED.



WITH A BURST OF TERRIFIC SPEED,
SUPER HORSE RACES IN PURSUIT AND—



—AS HE DRAWS ALONGSIDE, THE
WHITE RIDER LEAPS.



OFF!!



HE'S OUT-
COLD!



CLOUD LEAPS ON AHEAD—
OVERTAKING THE GIRL'S HORSE



HE GRABS THE REINS IN
HIS TEETH, AND—

HELP!



—WITH A MIGHTY TUG, BRINGS HIM TO A HALT.

OH-H!



THE WHITE RIDER HURRIES
TO THE GIRL'S SIDE.

PLEASE
HELP ME!

YOU'RE SAFE
NOW!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

SIT DOWN AND TELL
ME YOUR
TROUBLE.









AND RUBS HIS SADDLE AGAINST
A PIECE OF TIMBER FROM
WHICH A SPIKE STICKS OUT.



AFTER MANY MINUTES OF
EFFORT, SUPER HORSE DIS-
LODGES THE ROPE FROM
THE SADDLE
HORN.



THEN, PICKING UP THE COIL,
HE DROPS IT INTO THE PIT.



THE WHITE RIDER TIES THE
ROPE AROUND DOROTHY'S
WAIST.



SUPER HORSE BRACES, TUGS
AT THE ROPE, AND —



DRAGS THE CAPTIVES
OUT OF THE PIT.



SAFE! THANK
HEAVEN!



YOU SAVED OUR
LIVES, CLOUD!



NOW TO GET
THOSE BANDITS!



THEY MUST BE IN THAT
CABIN. YOU WAIT HERE!
I'M GOING
AFTER THEM!



THE WHITE RIDER MOVES
STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE CABIN.





DONY TRACKS

LOCO LUKE AND SNOOZER,
TWO RAMBLIN' RANNYS
ARE OUT TO SEE THE
WORLD—THEY HAVE
JUST RIDDEN OUT OF
A RANGE WAR AND
ARE NOW

?

WHAT KINDA BEAST
BIRD OR FISH
MIGHT THAT
BE?



UGH!



BY JACKA
LAWRENCE



MY LITTLE
WILD FLOWER



SHE'S LOSTED.



MAY-BE-SO SHE HIDEM BY
THESE ROCKS.

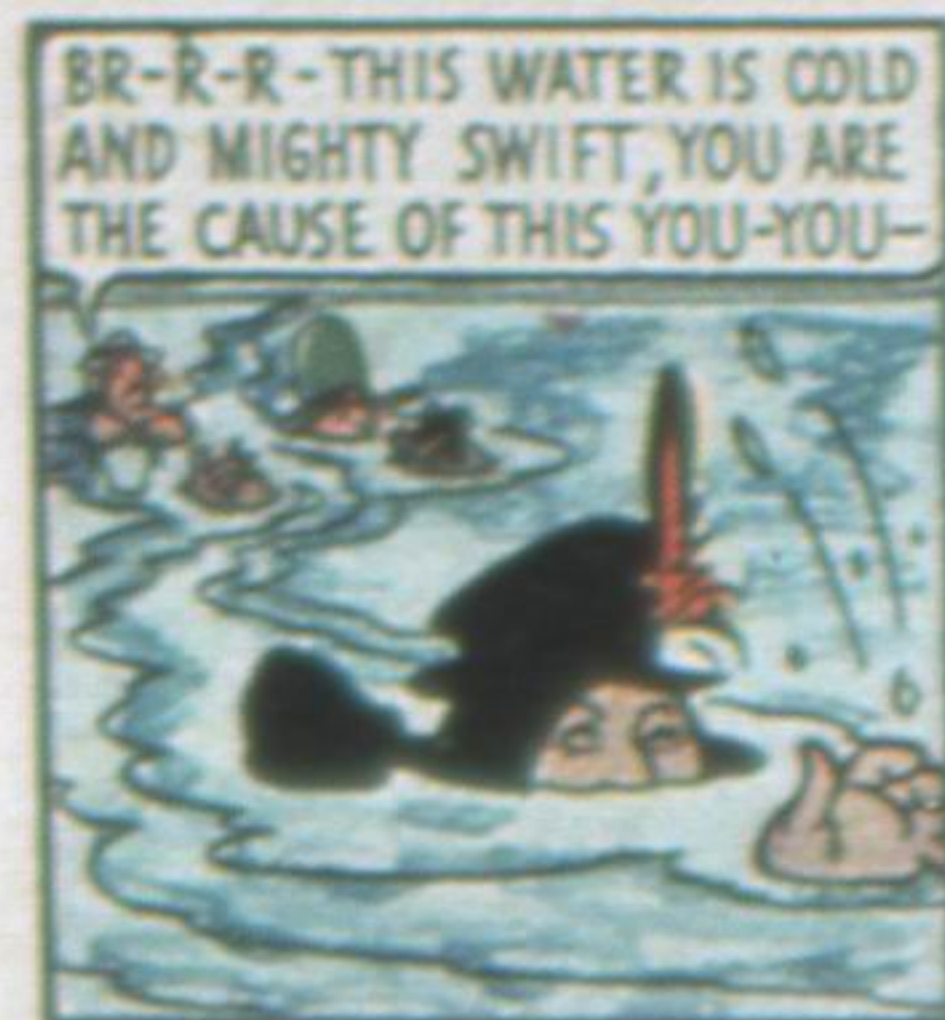


YEH/YORE GITTING
US A LOT MORE
GRIEF AND
MISERY. I CAN
SEE IT COMIN'

HEY! HOLD UP-ME
AND MY PARD CRAVE
TO MAKE MEDICINE
WITH YOU



UGH!
LOCO PALE
FACE STICKEM
NOSE IN RED
MAN'S BUSI-
NESS PLENTY
PRONTO.



PALE FACE SAY, "NO CAN DO"
TURKEY TAIL SAY, "CAN DO". YOU
WATCH-EM.

IF YOU THINK I'M GOIN' DOWN
BELOW AND PICK UP
THE PIECES - WHY
YOUR WRONG - HE'S
JUST PLAIN BUZZARD
MEAT RIGHT NOW!

TWO BITS HE DON'T MAKE IT,
FOUR BITS HE DOES.

SIX-BITS HE DROPS.

A BUCK HE MAKES IT.

YOU WIN.

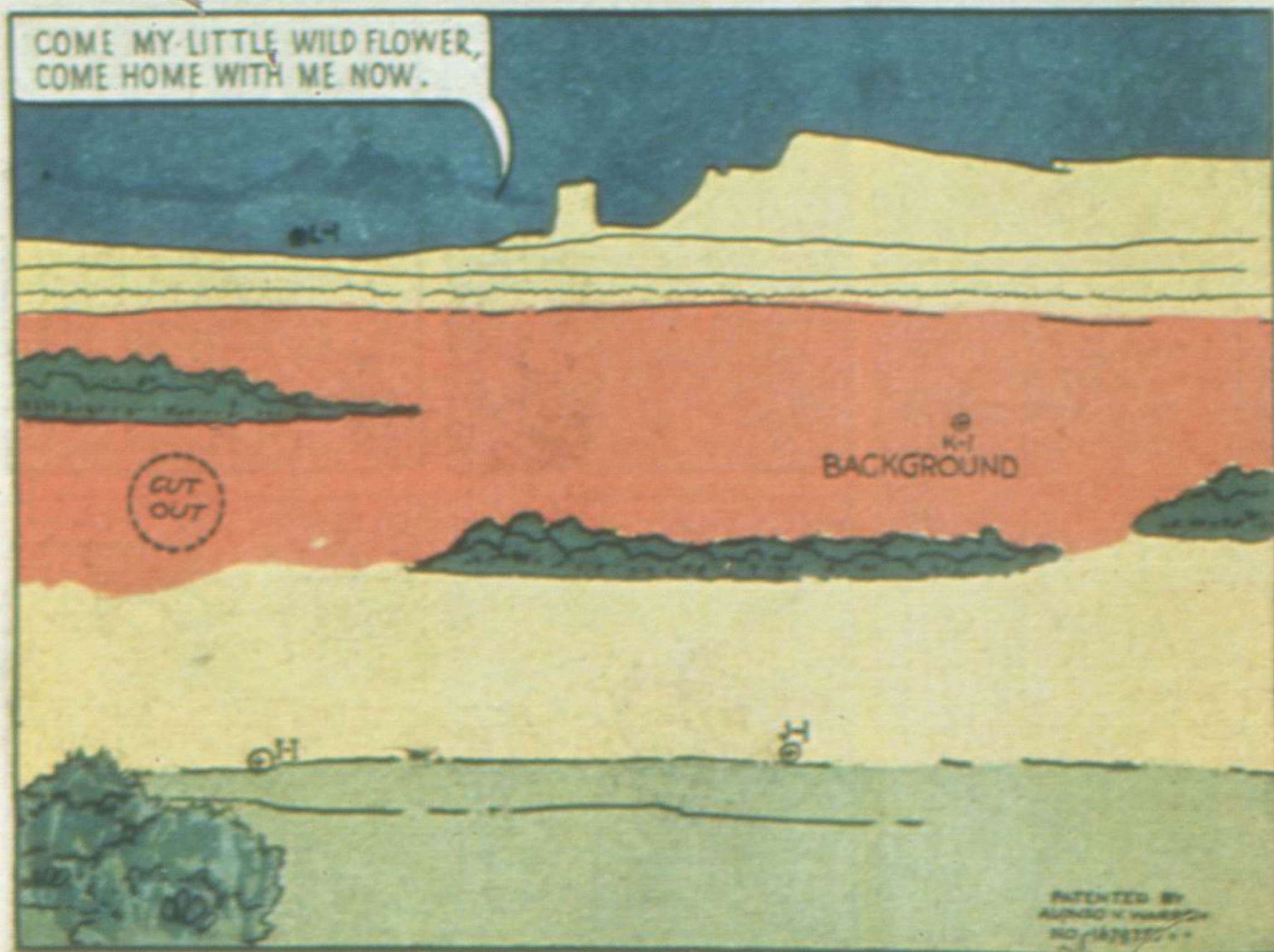
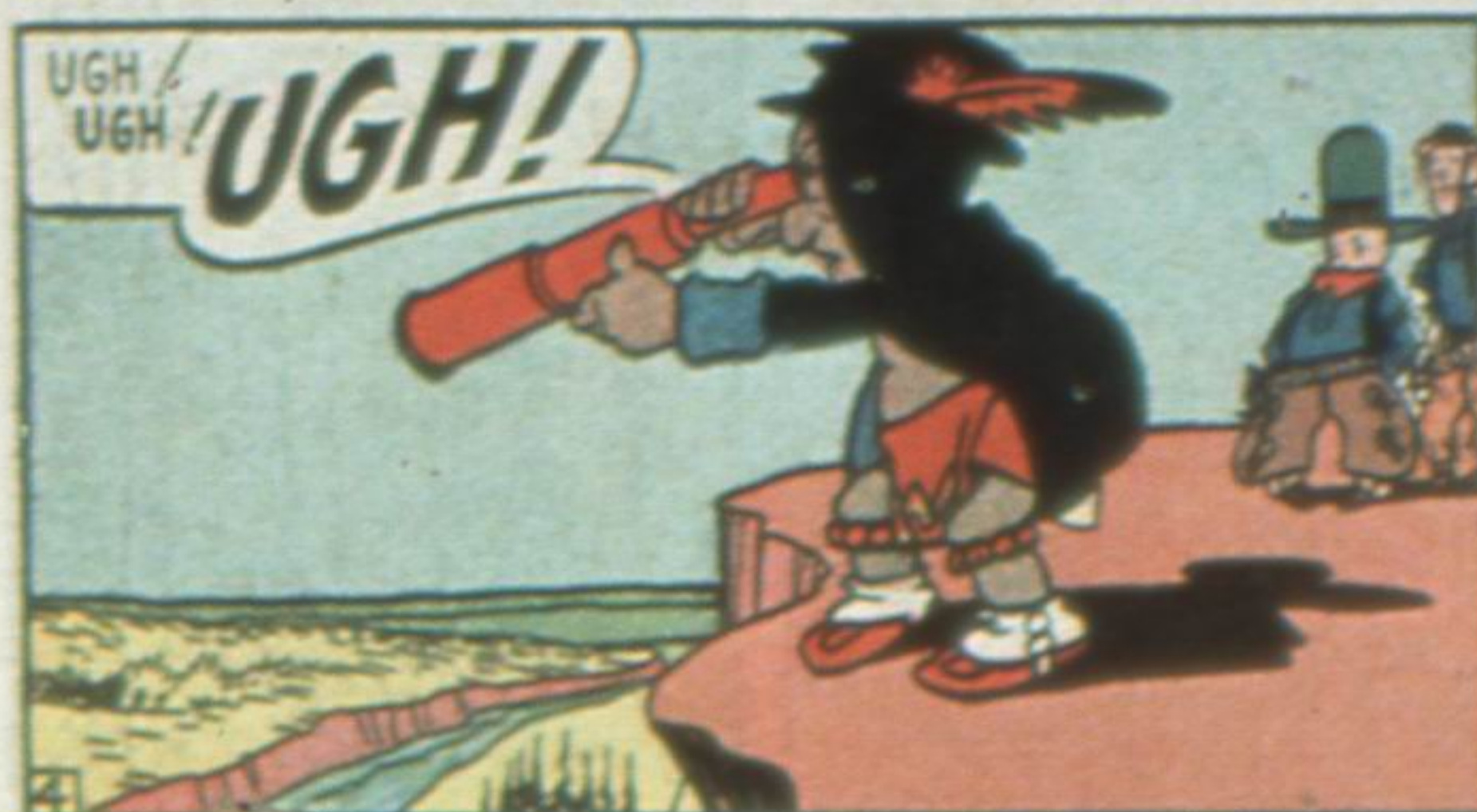
CRACK

WELL THAT'S THAT.
COME AND LES RATTLE
OUR HOCKS OUTA
HERE.

SHAKE OUT A LOOP.
THE STAMPEDE IS
OVER - WE'LL HAWL
HIM UP NOW!

CATCHEM ROPE PRETTY QUICK
NOW OR TURKEY TAIL GO LONG
HAPPY HUNTIN' GROUND PLENTY
PRONTO.

ALL TOGETHER — HO-HE-PULL—NOW ALL TOGETHER —
HO-HE-PULL, HE'S COMIN'!



PATENTED BY
ALFONSO V. VARELA
NO. 1,878,777

THAT INJUN MUST HAVE FOUND HIS SQUAW THROUGH THIS SPY GLASS.



WHY THAT BLANKY-BLANK LITTLE SO AND SO, THE LOW-DOWN KNOCKED KNEED, BOW-LEGGED, CROSS-EYED SON OF A HORND TOAD, I'LL—



I'M GONNA GUN-WHIP THAT MANGY STRING-HALTED PIECE OF MULE MEAT!



AND US HELPIN' HIM HUNT HIS SQUAW - JUST TAKE A LOOK AT HIS LITTLE WILD FLOWER.



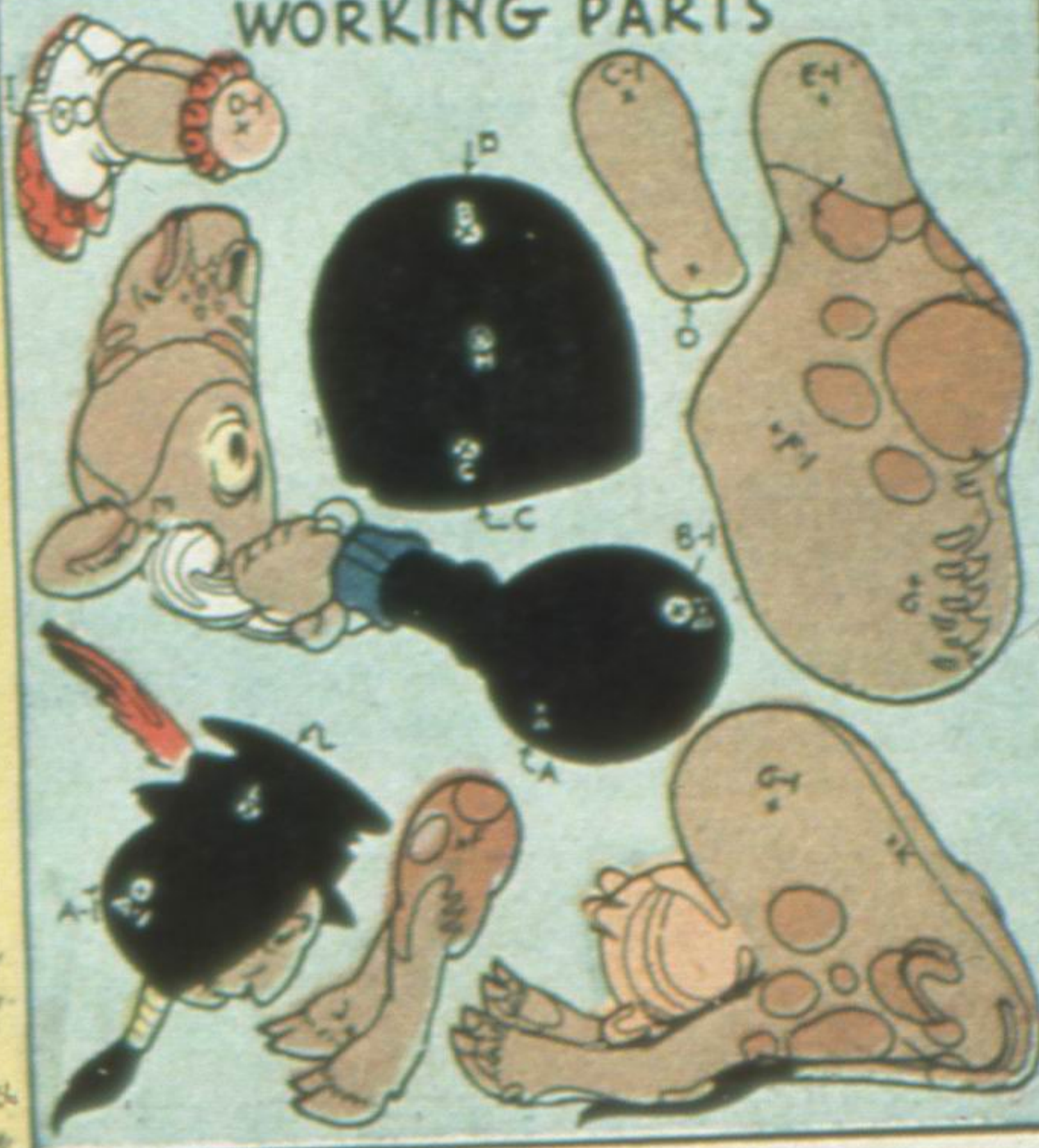
FOLLOW DIRECTIONS BELOW AND SEE LITTLE WILD FLOWER IN ACTION.

JACK A WARREN'S ANIMATED CUT-OUT CARTOON

DIRECTIONS, —

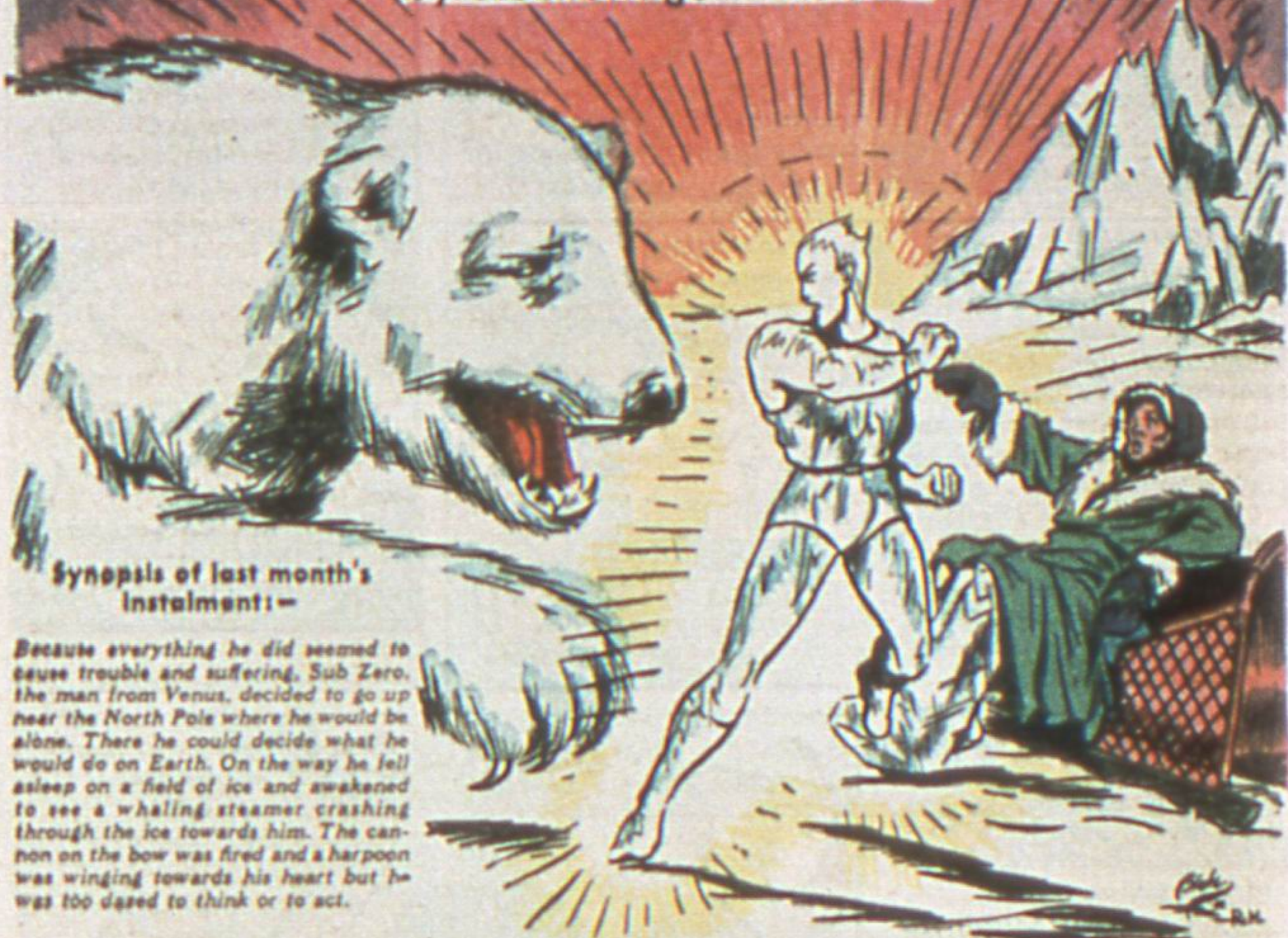
CUT OUT BACKGROUND ON OPPOSITE PAGE, AND WORKING PARTS ON THIS PAGE, WITH RUBBER CEMENT OR PASTE MOUNT THEM ON GARDBOARD OR STIFF PAPER. CUT OUT HOLE IN BACKGROUND, CUT OUT WORKING PARTS, TAKE NEEDLE AND THREAD, KNOT THREAD AT END, SEW THROUGH AT POINT "A," TO "A-I," KNOT THREAD UP CLOSE, CUT THREAD — REPEAT AT "B," TO "B-I," "C," TO "C-I," "D," TO "D-I," "E," TO "E-I," "F," TO "F-I," "G," TO "G-I," SEW THROUGH TO "H," KNOT THREAD, LEAVE ABOUT 2 INCHES OF THREAD, SEW POINT "I," TO "I-I" ON BACKGROUND, "J," TO "J-I," "K," TO "K-I," "L," TO "L-I," PULL THREAD AT "H," THROUGH LARGE HOLE IN BACKGROUND, TURN IN ROTARY MOTION.

WORKING PARTS



SUB-ZERO'S ADVENTURES ON EARTH

by Stockbridge Winslow



Synopsis of last month's instalment:—

Because everything he did seemed to cause trouble and suffering, Sub Zero, the man from Venus, decided to go up near the North Pole where he would be alone. There he could decide what he would do on Earth. On the way he fell asleep on a field of ice and awakened to see a whaling steamer crashing through the ice towards him. The cannon on the bow was fired and a harpoon was winging towards his heart but he was too dazed to think or to act.

PART II

SUDDENLY realizing his danger, Sub Zero thrust his right arm out in front of him and a wall of ice like a plate of flawless glass formed a few feet from his body. The steel barb of the harpoon bit deep into the ice and white cracks laced out in all directions like a giant spider's web.

Sub Zero struggled to his feet. He had no quarrel with the whalers, so without a backward glance he hurried away.

He had travelled several hours when he noticed a line of black dots on the ice. He approached and found a string of dogs, a sled, and a man almost completely covered with snow.

Knowing that if life did exist

"Look out!" the man shouted. Sub-Zero whirled, and stared up into the slavering jaws of the white monster from the north!

in the man or the dogs it would be snuffed out if he touched them, Sub Zero paused and pulled out his atom gun. He discharged the ray into his body and his temperature became normal. He could now handle men and animals with safety.

Every dog was frozen stiff, but the man's heavy furs had protected him. Sub Zero worked over the unconscious figure for half an hour and was finally rewarded with a low moan. During this period he was obliged to discharge the atom gun into his body several times in order to prevent the cold from returning.

"My partner, my partner!" murmured the half-frozen man.

"Where is he?"

"In our shack—sick. I had to go for supplies. I got 'em, but I'll never get through."

"Yes we will," Sub Zero assured him. "Just keep warm on the sled and I'll pull you over the ice faster than any dog team you've got."

Sub Zero cut away the dogs and fashioned the stiff leather straps into a harness that he could slip over his broad shoulders. Satisfying himself that the man was warm and comfortable, he started off.

About an hour later the man suddenly flung aside the furs and yelled.

"What is it?" demanded Sub Zero.

"Open water ahead — two miles of it! She's freezing up late this year!"

"Don't worry until we get there."

SUB ZERO paused only an instant when he reached the open water. His right hand swung in an underhand curve as though he were bowling, and the cold blast from his body skipped over the surface of the water, freezing it solid. While the man howled in amazement, Sub Zero stepped out on the glassy surface and began to sprint, dragging the heavily laden sled behind him.

They intended to travel all night but a terrific blizzard blew up and the visibility became poor. Finally, the flakes were so thick that they seemed like a solid wall of white.

Sub Zero quickly constructed an igloo of ice around the sled and its occupant.

"Come on in," shouted the man. "I'll light the stove. It'll keep us warm."

"I'll stay out here," replied Sub Zero. Sinking to the ground, he curled up like an animal to sleep.

The snow continued to whirl around him, completely burying his body. But instead of remaining soft and light, the extreme cold from the man from Venus turned it to ice. Layer upon layer froze around him.

When he awoke he could not move. He forced his eyes open but there was nothing but blackness. Wiggling a finger he encountered ice. It was the cold of his body against the cold of the ice. He was trapped alive in a frozen coffin of his own making!

His muscles tightened and from every pore in his body streamed cold — cold far more extreme than any scientist had ever dreamed of. The ice was like a living thing as it contracted and suddenly shattered into thousands of tiny chips with a loud crack.

Sub Zero climbed out of the heap of ice fragments and looked up at gray sky. An occasional snowflake fluttered down. The wind had died completely.

Sub Zero pointed at the igloo with his finger and it split open like a dropped watermelon. The man awakened with a start. "What happened?" he asked in a frightened voice.

"Nothing to worry about. Get yourself and your things on the sled, we're going on."

They had travelled half a day when the going began to get difficult. Huge ice hummocks jutted up before them and it was necessary for Sub Zero to blast them to pieces with cold force. Or, if they were too dense, to scramble over them. The man insisted that he was feeling better and did not want to be pulled on a sled any longer. In spite of Sub Zero's protests, he hurried on ahead, anxious to reach the side of his ailing partner.

THEY had reached a particularly dangerous area, a spot where terrific forces had caused the ice to break and buckle. Sharp, jagged slabs of ice jutted skyward, and all around were deep, ragged holes.

The man was a bouncing ball of fur up ahead and Sub Zero watched him anxiously. Suddenly he yelled and disappeared.

Pausing only to shrug out of the harness and fire the atom gun into his body, Sub Zero leaped forward. Peering down from an ice peak he saw a crumpled figure in the bottom of a hole.

Since his body was at normal temperature, Sub Zero had the powers of an ordinary man. He lowered himself into the hole and, slinging the man over his back, carried him to the sled.

"My leg! My leg!" moaned the injured man.

"I'm afraid it's broken!" said Sub Zero. "But I'll be able to set it."

"What about a splint?"

"Stop worrying!" snapped the man from Venus as he deftly packed snow around the leg.

When he had fashioned a cast of snow he carried it away and waited for the cold to stream back into his body. Then he froze the snow as solidly as a piece of steel. Then he fired the atom gun into his body again and returned to the man.

"I'll wrap the leg in the furs and then put the cast on," said Sub Zero, as his fingers worked swiftly. "The cold will numb the pain, and if we haven't far to go, there shouldn't be any danger."

There was no answer, and Sub Zero looked up sharply. The man's eyes were bulging as he stared at something over Sub Zero's shoulder.

"Look out!" he shouted, his voice a hoarse squeak.

Sub Zero rose and whirled around in one motion. Perched on the ice above him was a tremendous polar bear. Before he could move, the animal leaped and struck him in the chest. Both went down with a crash on the ice.

Sub Zero was powerless. His body was at normal temperature and the gaping, slaving jaws of the bear were poised above his throat.

WILL SUB ZERO BE ABLE TO ESCAPE DEATH THIS TIME?

Continue this exciting story in the next issue of Blue Bolt



STEAMENGINEER

By Paul Gustavson

ENGINEERED BY RUNAWAY RONSON, THE SUPER STREAMLINER THUNDERS OVER THE RAILS AT A SPEED WHERE CERTAIN DESTRUCTION WOULD FACE IT, SHOULD ANYTHING OBSTRUCT ITS COURSE...

IN THE CAB OF THE STREAMLINER

WE'RE COMING TO THE ONLY SPOT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT THIS RUN, PAT!

YOU MEAN WHERE THE OVERPASS IS BEING BUILT?



YES... IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO FALL ACROSS THE TRACKS WE'D PROBABLY JUMP AND KILL EVERYONE ABOARD!



WHAT? S-SAY... C-COULDN'T WE CUT DOWN ON THE SPEED A LITTLE?

NO!



THIS IS A LIMITED... AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS... TOP SPEED UNDER ALL CONDITIONS! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENS!



CATASTROPHE SUDDENLY LOOMS IN FRONT OF THE SUPER STREAMLINER... A HEAVY TRUCK FALLS OVER THE EMBANKMENT, ONTO THE TRACKS.



IN A DEAFENING ROAR, THE SUPER STREAMLINER STRIKES THE HEAVY TRUCK CRUMBLING IT INTO A MASS OF TWISTED STEEL...



THE SUPER STREAMLINER BEGINS TO LEAN SIDeways.



IN AN ATTEMPT TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE STREAMLINER, RUNWAY CUTS THE SPEED OF THE GYRO-STABILIZERS, AND THEN THROWS IT INTO FULL SPEED AGAIN...



THE SUDDEN CHANGE THROWS THE TRAIN LEANING TOWARD THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACK!



PAT... WE MADE IT... WE'RE NOT ROCKING AS MUCH AS BEFORE... WE'RE STILL ON THE TRACKS!





HERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU, BUD!



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



C'MON, PAT... WAKE UP! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

OH-H-HI! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



A TRAIN ROBBERY! SNAP OUT OF IT! I WANT YOU TO TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS!

SURE... WHY?



I'M GOING UP ON TOP... SO I CAN GET TO THE BACK OF THE TRAIN!

I KNOW... AND PUT AN END TO THE TRAIN ROBBERY! YOU'RE CRAZY!



THAT'S RIGHT!

B-BUT THEY'RE ARMED... YOU'LL GET SHOT... AN' AN' KILLED!



DON'T WORRY... I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!



AS RUNAWAY MOVES TOWARD THE END OF THE TRAIN

W-WHAT TH'...



LOOKING TOWARD THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN RUNAWAY SEES THE ENGINE NOSING INTO A TUNNEL



WOW... I FORGOT... I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST... OR I'LL END UP BEING AN ANGEL!



HOLDING ONTO THE RAIN GUTTER RUNAWAY SWINGS OUTWARD...



IN A SHOWER OF GLASS, RUNAWAY CRASHES INTO THE COACH, BARELY A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE IT THUNDERS INTO THE TUNNEL.



THE TRAIN ROBBERS SEE RUNAWAY

L-LOOK... IT'S THE ENGINEER! LET 'IM HAVE IT!



AS GUNS BLAST OUT, RUNAWAY LEAPS FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH!



HEY!! HE'S TURNED OUT TH' LIGHTS.... I CAN'T SEE HIM! STRIKE A MATCH!



THIS AINT NO GOOD.... NOT ENOUGH LIGHT!



THERE'S ENOUGH LIGHT FOR ME, BUD! UGH!



I GOT 'IM, BOYS... AN' I'M GONNA FINISH HIM, TOO! UGH... ER-R-R-R-R



T-THERE.... TH' LIGHTS IS ON AGAIN!!



NOW, WHERE'S THAT GUY... I WANT A GOOD LOOK... W-WHAT TH'??



AS THE TRAIN ROBBER LOOKS DOWN AT THE FALLEN FIGURE, HE SEES THAT IT IS ONE OF HIS FELLOW THUGS...

IT'S... IT'S RICKIE... ME BUDDY!



YES.... YOU GOT MIXED UP... DIDNT YOU?



HEARING THE VOICE BEHIND HIM, THE THUG REELS... AND FACING RUNAWAY... DRAWS HIS GUN.

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT... YOU....



NOT SO FAST! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!



YES.... BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU HAD NEVER SEEN A TRAIN!



LITERALLY MASHED TO A PULP, THE THUG SOON DROPS FROM RUNAWAY'S CRASHING BLOWS!



IF THERE'S A DOCTOR HERE, WOULD YOU MIND LOOKING AT THIS FELLOW THAT WAS SHOT?



HMM.... HE WASNT SHOT.... JUST SCARED STIFF! WELL!! COULD YOU HELP ME DRAG THESE YEGGS INTO THE CAB? I'VE A SPECIAL PLACE TO PUT THEM!



THERE.... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MAKE SOME USE OF THESE CLOTHES HOOKS!



Another
EPISODE OF
'RUNAWAY RONSON'
WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF BLUE BOLT.

Edison Bell

YOUNG INVENTOR





HERE IS AN "X-RAY" MACHINE YOU CAN MAKE!

A MAILING TUBE, A FEW LARGE CORKS, A FEATHER, AND A PIECE OF WIRE ARE ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE THIS WORKING MODEL "X-RAY."

THIS END OPEN

THE WHOLE IDEA LIES IN THE FACT THAT LIGHT IS DIFFUSED WHEN IT PASSES THROUGH THE FEATHER. THE CORKS AND WIRE ARE JUST DECORATIONS.

CUT A PIECE OFF ONE SIDE OF FEATHER

PHANTOM VIEW.

LIGHT

-AND GLUE IT BETWEEN TWO HOLED DISKS.

PLACE OPEN END TO EYE AND LOOK AT HAND IN FRONT OF BRIGHT LIGHT- **HERE'S** WHAT YOU'LL SEE!



SERGEANT

SPOOK



SERGEANT SPOOK, BLOWN UP IN HIS CHEMICAL LABORATORY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS WHILE WORKING ON A MURDER CASE, HAS BEEN DEPRIVED OF HIS BODY BUT HIS SPIRIT LIVES ON AND CONTINUES TO FIGHT CRIME.



IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, WEALTHY PETER DAWN IS STROLLING HOME FROM HIS CLUB. SUDDENLY, A SHOT BREAKS THE QUIET OF THE MORNING AND DAWN SLUMPS TO THE PAVEMENT—DEAD.



A WEIRD FIGURE SUDDENLY APPEARS, THEN—

I'LL PIN THIS NOTE ON HIM TO SHOW WE MEAN BUSINESS.



—HURRIES AWAY.

GET GOING, GUYS!



LATER THAT DAY—AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

MORNING, CAP. I HEAR THERE WAS A MURDER LAST NIGHT. WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? GUY DIDN'T PAY OFF!—AND IT WAS SIGNED "THE DEAD HEAD GANG."



IT SEEMS PETER DAWN WAS RECEIVING THREATENING NOTES FROM THIS GANG DEMANDING A HUGE SUM OF MONEY OR ELSE. BUT HE THOUGHT THEY WERE CRANK NOTES AND NEVER BOTH-ERED ABOUT THEM.



DURING THIS CONVERSATION, SERGEANT SPOOK HAD BEEN LISTENING, UNSEEN, OF COURSE, BY THE TWO COPS.



HMM- THINK I'LL TACKLE THIS CASE.

THE WAY THIS JOB WAS PULLED, IT HAS ALL THE EAR MARKS OF A WEST SIDE GANG. -THINK I'LL GO DOWN TO BO'S CHOP HOUSE. MAYBE I CAN PICK UP A CLUE.



OUTSIDE BO'S CHOP HOUSE, A GANGSTERS' HANGOUT.



SPOOK ENTERS, PAUSES AT A TABLE AND LISTENS TO THE CONVERSATION OF TWO TOUGH LOOKING BIRDS.



I TELL YOU, DIP, THAT SAFE WOULD BE A CINCH FOR YOU TO CRACK TONIGHT.

HMM- I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU BIRDS LATER! RIGHT NOW I'M LOOKING FOR A GANG OF KILLERS.



JUST THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND IN WALKS DAPPER DIX, THE SLICKEST THUG ON THE WEST SIDE. DIX MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD A TABLE IN THE BACK ROOM, WHERE-



HE IS JOINED BY TWO OTHER THUGS.



HI YA BOSS?

SERGEANT SPOOK LISTENS AS THEY TALK.



WHO'S NEXT ON THE LIST, BOSS?

HAROLD PIERCE, THE BROKER. I SENT HIM A NOTE TODAY.

I TOLD HIM IF HE DIDN'T KICK IN WITH 50 GRAND BY TONIGHT, THE DEAD HEADS WOULD KILL HIM AND HIS FAMILY!



SPOOK DECIDES TO FOLLOW THE KILLERS TO THE SPOT WHERE THEY'RE TO RECEIVE THE MONEY AND CATCH THEM WITH THE GOODS.



I WONDER WHERE THE PLACE IS?



WHAT TH-! ???

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE??

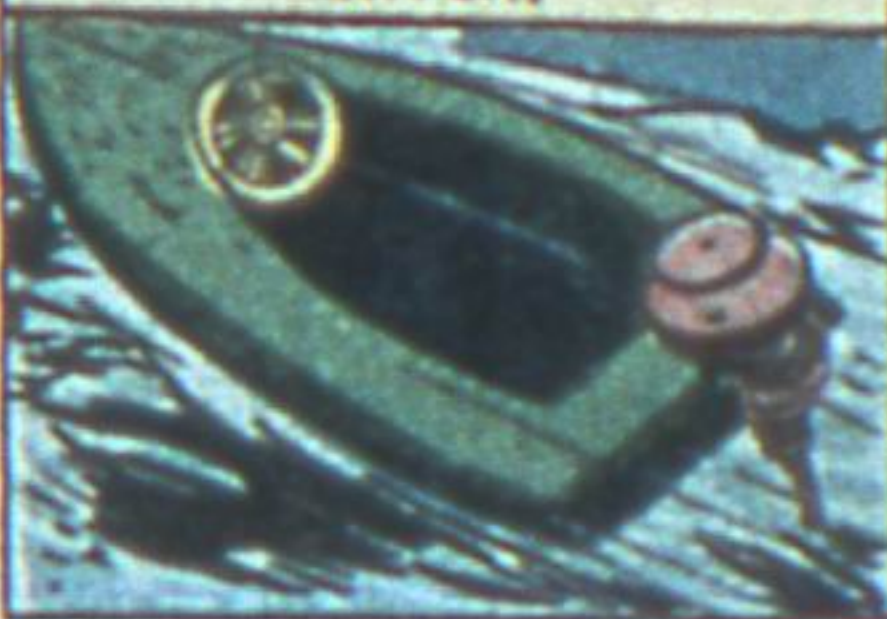
AS THEY LEAVE, SPOOK DECIDES TO TEACH THE TWO SAFE CRACKERS A LESSON. AS HE PASSES THEIR TABLE, HE KNOCKS DIP SPINNING AND THROWS THE OTHER THUG ACROSS THE ROOM.



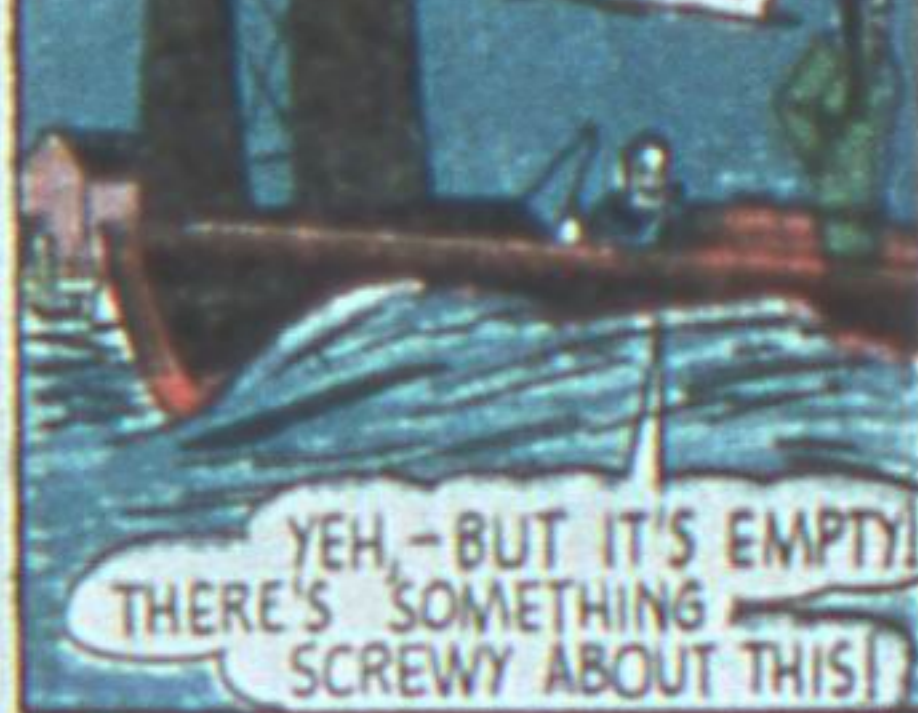
SERGEANT SPOOK RACES TO THE NEXT PIER AND GIVES CHASE IN AN OUTBOARD MOTOR BOAT.



SPOOK'S IMAGE FADES AS HE CONCENTRATES ON OVERTAKING THE GANGSTERS, AND THE OUTBOARD, SEEMINGLY EMPTY, TEARS ON DOWN THE RIVER.



LOOK, BOSS! THAT OUTBOARD SEEMS TO BE FOLLOWING US!



YEH, - BUT IT'S EMPTY! THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS!

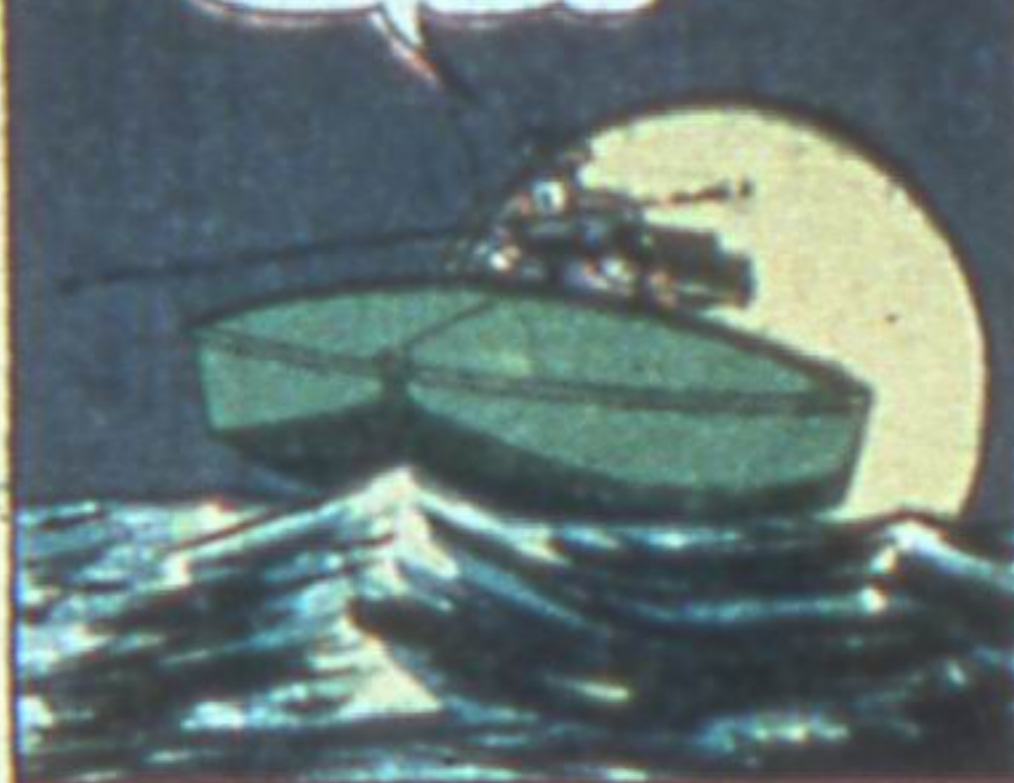
ON AND ON THE TWO BOATS RACE DOWNSTREAM, WITH THE OUTBOARD QUICKLY GAINING ON THE GANGSTERS.



IT'S GETTING CLOSER, BOSS! FIRE AT IT! THERE MUST BE SOMEONE STEERING IT!



FIRE AWAY, BOYS! I'M NOT ABLE TO STOP BULLETS ANY MORE!



SERGEANT SPOOK LEAPS ABOARD THE GANGSTERS' BOAT, AND THE OUTBOARD RACES ON BY, EMPTY.



WELL I'LL BE - THAT BOAT IS EMPTY!



SPOOK SLAMS GYP IN THE FACE, KNOCKING OFF HIS MASK.



GYP THINKS HIS PAL, PUNCHY, DID IT, AND HITS HIM A CLIP ON THE JAW.

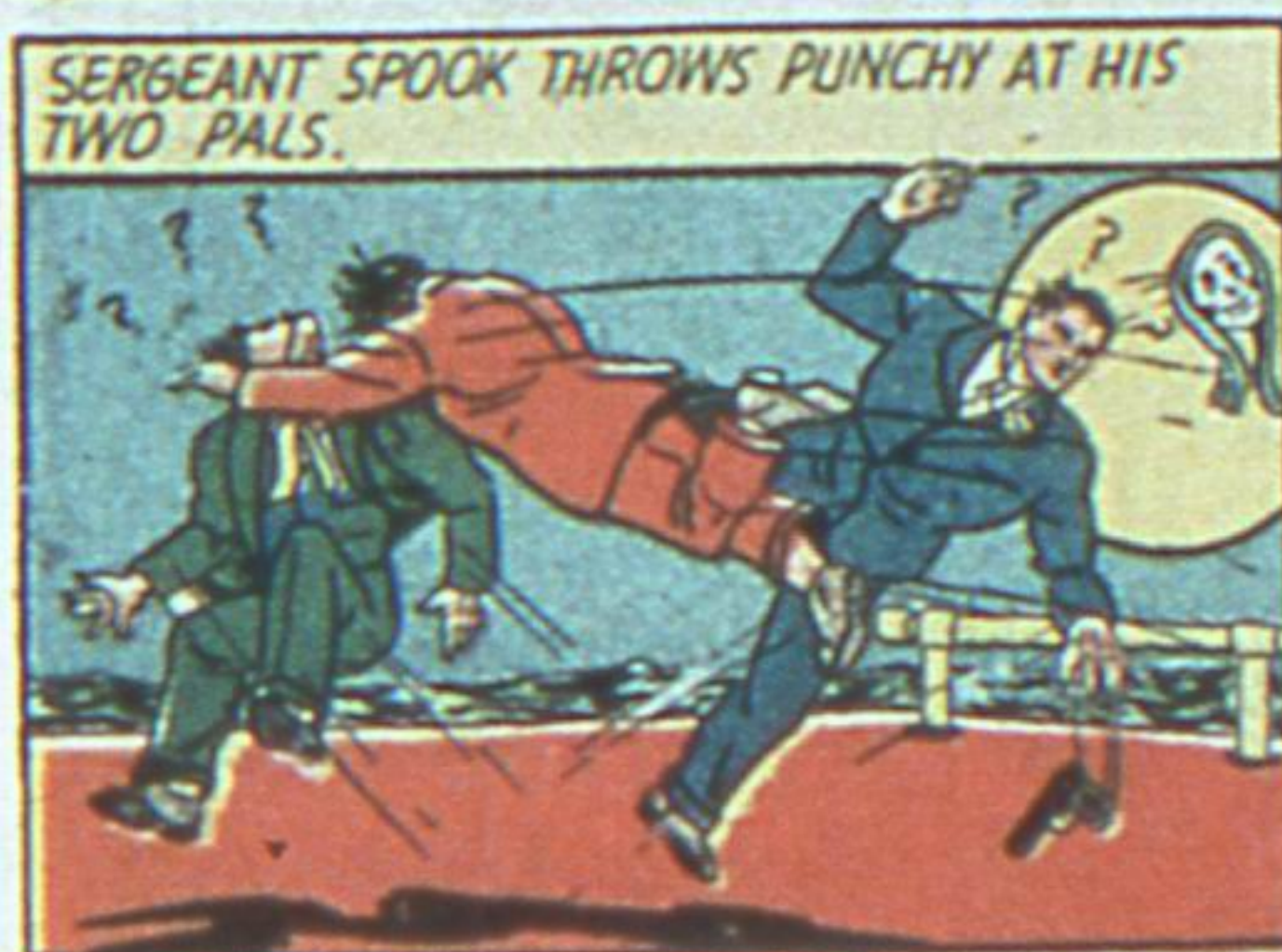


DAPPER STARTS TO SMACK GYP WHEN -



DAPPER AND GYP DRAW THEIR GUNS -

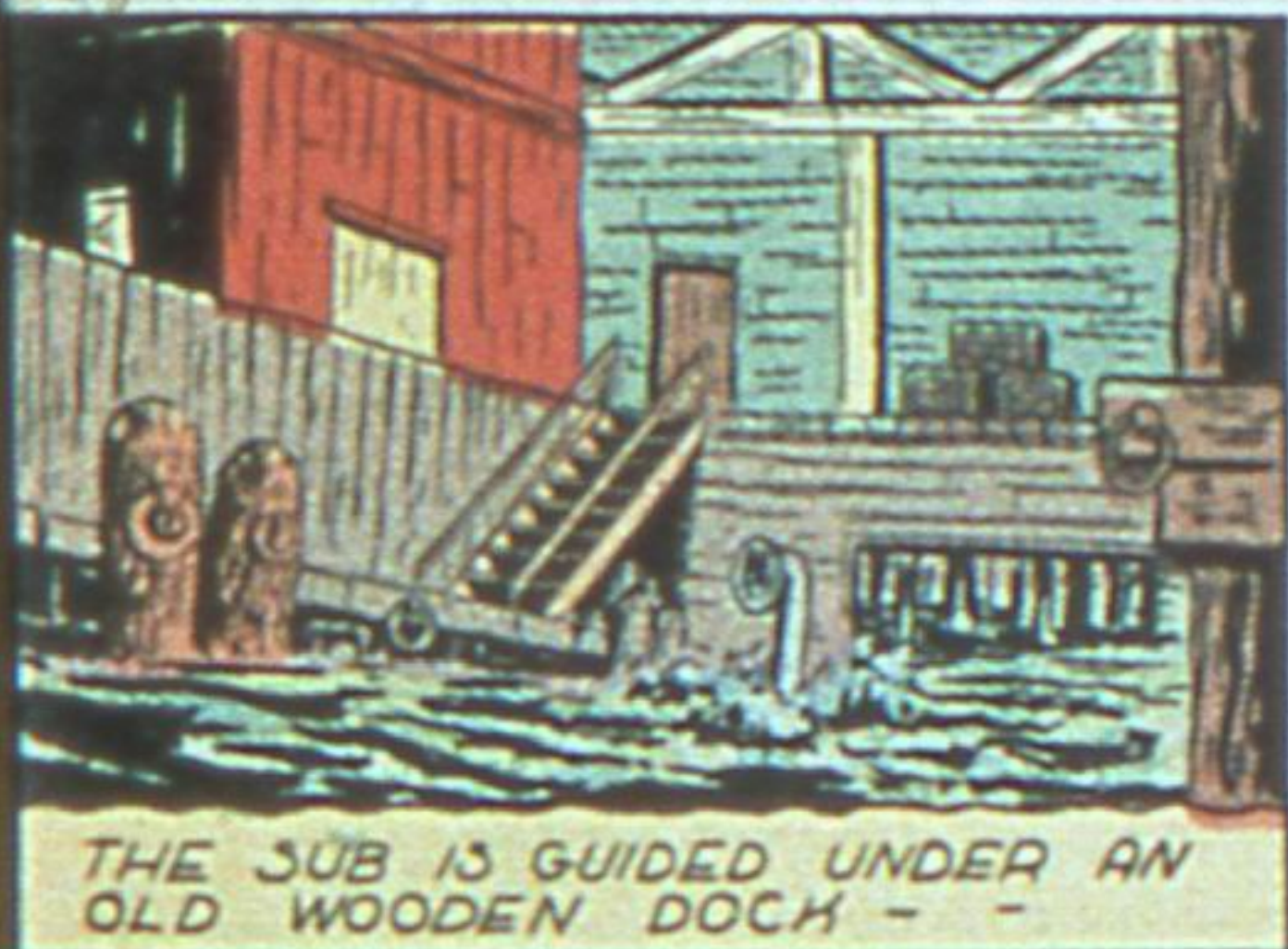




The PHANTOM SUB



INVOLUNTARY OUTLAWS ON THE HIGH SEAS - THE CREW OF THE PHANTOM SUB HAVE RESOLVED TO DEDICATE THEMSELVES AND THEIR MARVELOUS INVENTION TO THE GOOD OF THE WORLD - - BUT NOW - NEEDING SUPPLIES, THEY PUT INTO A SMALL PORT UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS.



THE SUB IS GUIDED UNDER AN OLD WOODEN DOCK - -



YOU STAND GUARD, SLIM, WHILE WE GET THE SUPPLIES.

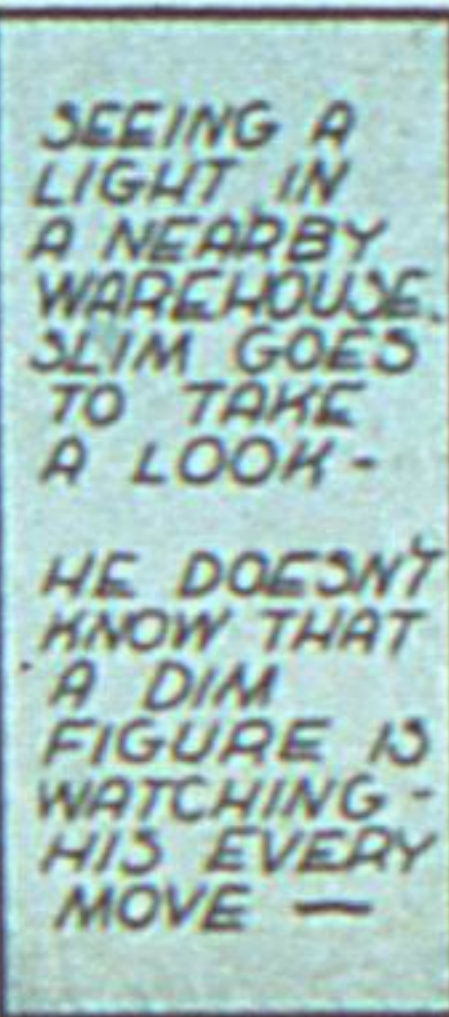
OKAY, JACK - I GUESS I CAN HANDLE ANY SNOOPERS.



ALL OKAY, JACK, I HAVEN'T SEEN A SOUL.

GOOD! WE'LL BE ALL READY TO GO SOON.

IN A SHORT TIME JACK AND THE CREW RETURN.

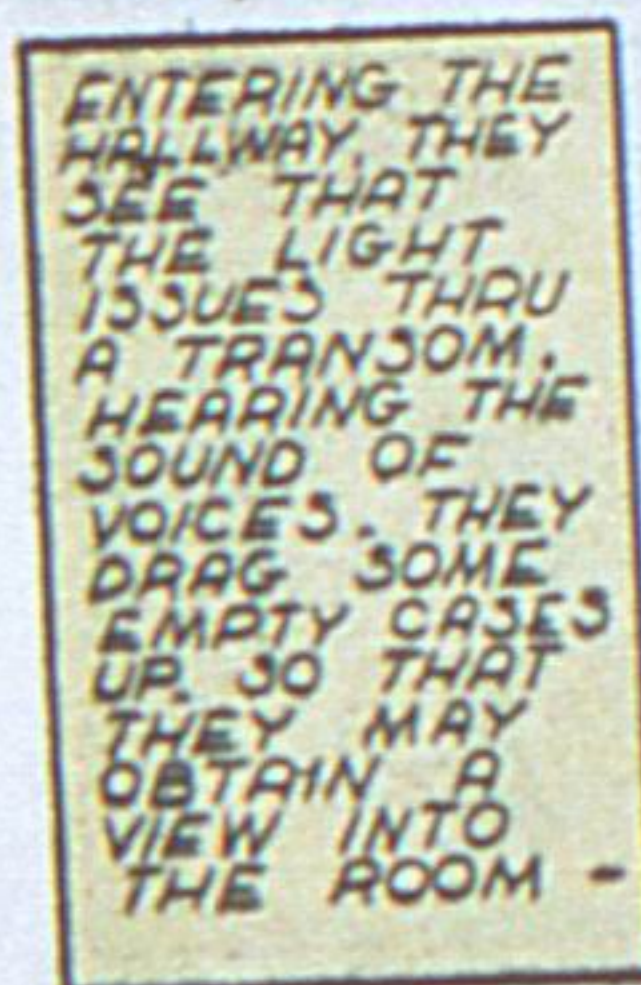


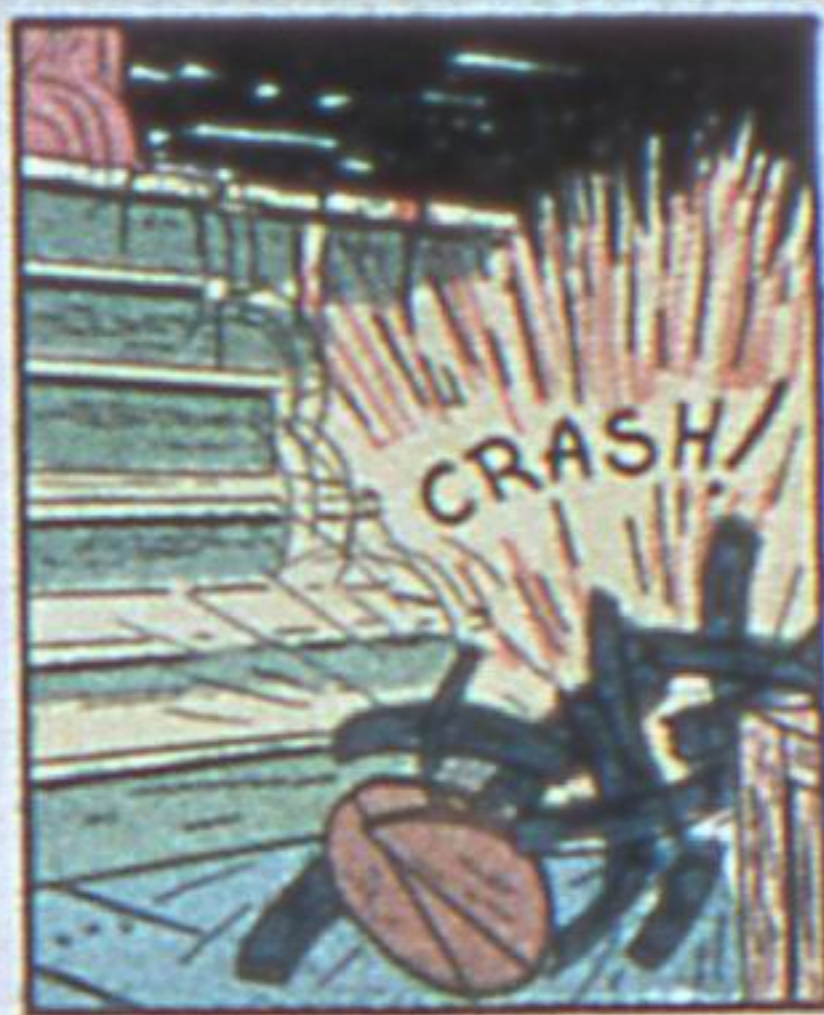
SEEING A LIGHT IN A NEARBY WAREHOUSE, SLIM GOES TO TAKE A LOOK -

HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT A DIM FIGURE IS WATCHING - HIS EVERY MOVE -



SUDDENLY - THE DIM FIGURE LEAPS AT SLIM!





I WONDER WHAT THAT CONVERSATION MEANT? I'VE HALF A MIND TO LOOK INTO THIS WINDY ISLAND!

LET'S, JACK. I'VE A HUNCH THOSE GUYS ARE CROOKED.

SOON THE SUB IS SPEEDING OUT OF THE HARBOR.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT SLIM - PERHAPS HERE'S A CHANCE TO REDEEM OURSELVES IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD! WE'LL GO TO WINDY ISLAND.

- MEANWHILE -

THE COAST GUARD CUTTER "CREE" PATROLS THE HARBOR MOUTH -

IT IS ON THE SEARCH FOR SMUGGLERS OF ALIENS -

- SECRET SERVICE HAS TRACED THE ACTIVITIES TO THIS SECTION OF THE COAST.

I THINK WE'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, CAPTAIN. WE'VE PATROLLED THIS BAY FOR THREE WEEKS NOW! FOR WHAT?

ABOARD THE "CREE".

A STRANGE CRAFT TO STARBOARD! RUNNING WITHOUT LIGHTS!

SUDDENLY - A CRY FROM THE LOOKOUT!

STATIONS! MAN THAT FOR 'ARD GUN! PUT A SPOT ON THAT CRAFT!

U.S. COAST GUARD SPEAKING! PUT ABOUT OR WE'LL FIRE!

DOWN THE HATCH - CRASH DIVE!

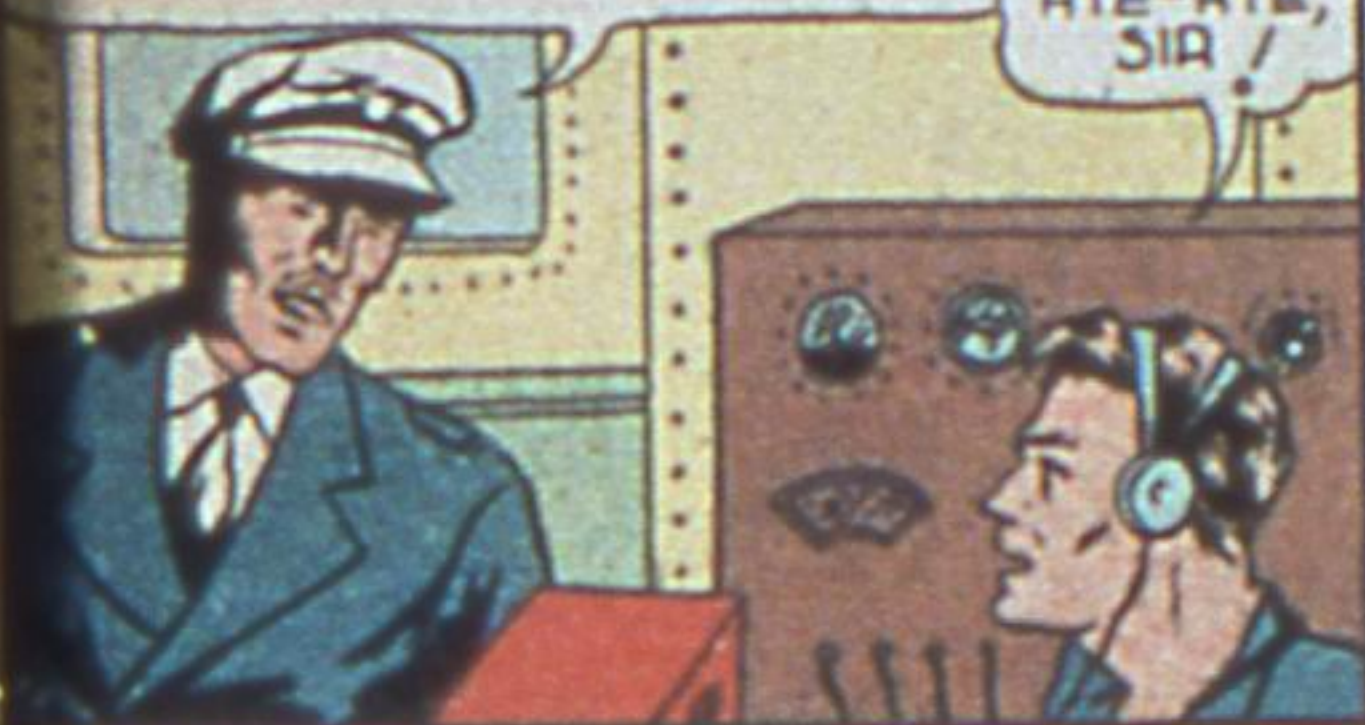
WITH UNBELIEVABLE SPEED - THE SUBMARINE VANISHES - THE SHOT FIRED BY THE COAST GUARD FALLS HARMLESSLY ON OPEN WATER.

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT MANNER OF CRAFT CAN THAT BE?

IT'S GONE! IT MIGHT BE THAT PHANTOM SUB WE'VE HEARD ABOUT!

RADIO THE HOME BASE - TELL THEM WE'VE SIGHTED THE SMUGGLERS - BELIEVED TO BE THE PHANTOM SUB!

AYE-AYE, SIR!



SO WE'RE SMUGGLERS NOW, ARE WE? I GUESS WE GET BLAMED FOR EVERYTHING THAT GOES WRONG AT SEA!



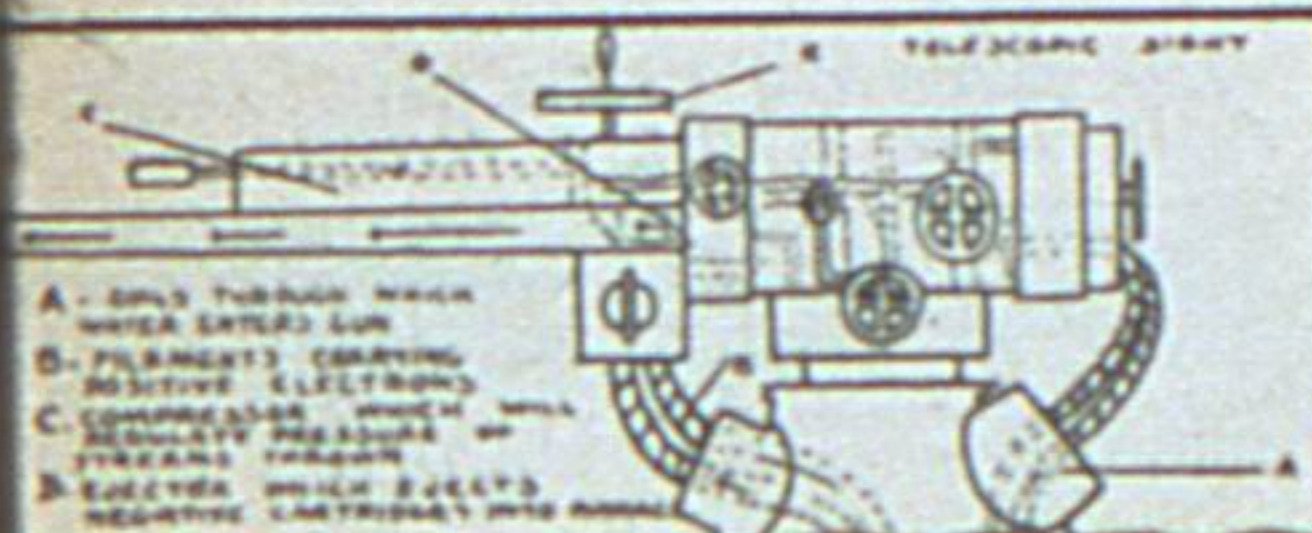
ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB THEY HEAR THE CUTTER'S MESSAGE.

THE NEXT MORNING FINDS THE PHANTOM SUB IN A NARROW INLET IN WINDY ISLAND.

I WONDER WHAT THAT SMOKE IS?



THE CREW IS BUSY INSTALLING ON THE DECK A GUN OF THEIR OWN INGENUOUS INVENTION.



USING WATER AS A POWER - THIS GUN HAS MANY AMAZING PROPERTIES: - 1. IT MAY EJECT A FINE SPRAY INTO THE AIR, CREATING A FOG-LIKE SCREEN; 2. IT SHOOTS STREAMS OF WATER - WHICH, UNDER TERRIFIC

PRESSURE TO THE CUBIC INCH, ARE DANGEROUS PROJECTILES; 3. THE STREAM OF WATER THROWN MAY BE CHARGED WITH POSITIVE ELECTRONS, AND CARRY WITH IT A SEALED GLASS CONTAINER FILLED WITH NEGATIVE ELECTRONS. UPON STRIKING THE OBJECT AIMED AT - THE GLASS IS SHATTERED. - THIS THROWS THE ELECTRONS TOGETHER AND A TERRIFIC SHOCK IS THE RESULT - THE INTENSITY OF THE SHOCK CAN BE CONTROLLED.

SLIM AND I ARE GOING TO INVESTIGATE THAT SMOKE RISING OVER THE ISLAND.



OKAY, JACK, WE'LL HAVE THE GUN INSTALLED WHEN YOU RETURN.

WOW! WHAT A LAYOUT!



REACHING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND - THEY SEE -

JACK GETS A CLOSE-UP THRU THE BINOCULARS -



SLIM - THOSE MEN GOING INTO THAT SUB ARE CHINESE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, JACK - WE'VE FOUND THE SMUGGLERS' BASE - THEY SNEAK THOSE ALIENS IN BY USING THE SUB!



THEY RUSH BACK TO THE PHANTOM SUB.

WE'RE GOING TO GET THAT SMUGGLING GANG - AND SINCE THE WORLD CALLS THIS THE PHANTOM SUB, WE'LL BECOME PHANTOMS! HERE ARE SOME MASKS WE CUT OUT!



IN THE MEANTIME - THE SMUGGLERS HAVE THEIR ILLEGAL CARGO OF ALIENS ALL SECURE IN THEIR SUB - THEY LEAVE FOR THE SHORE IN SMALL BOATS -

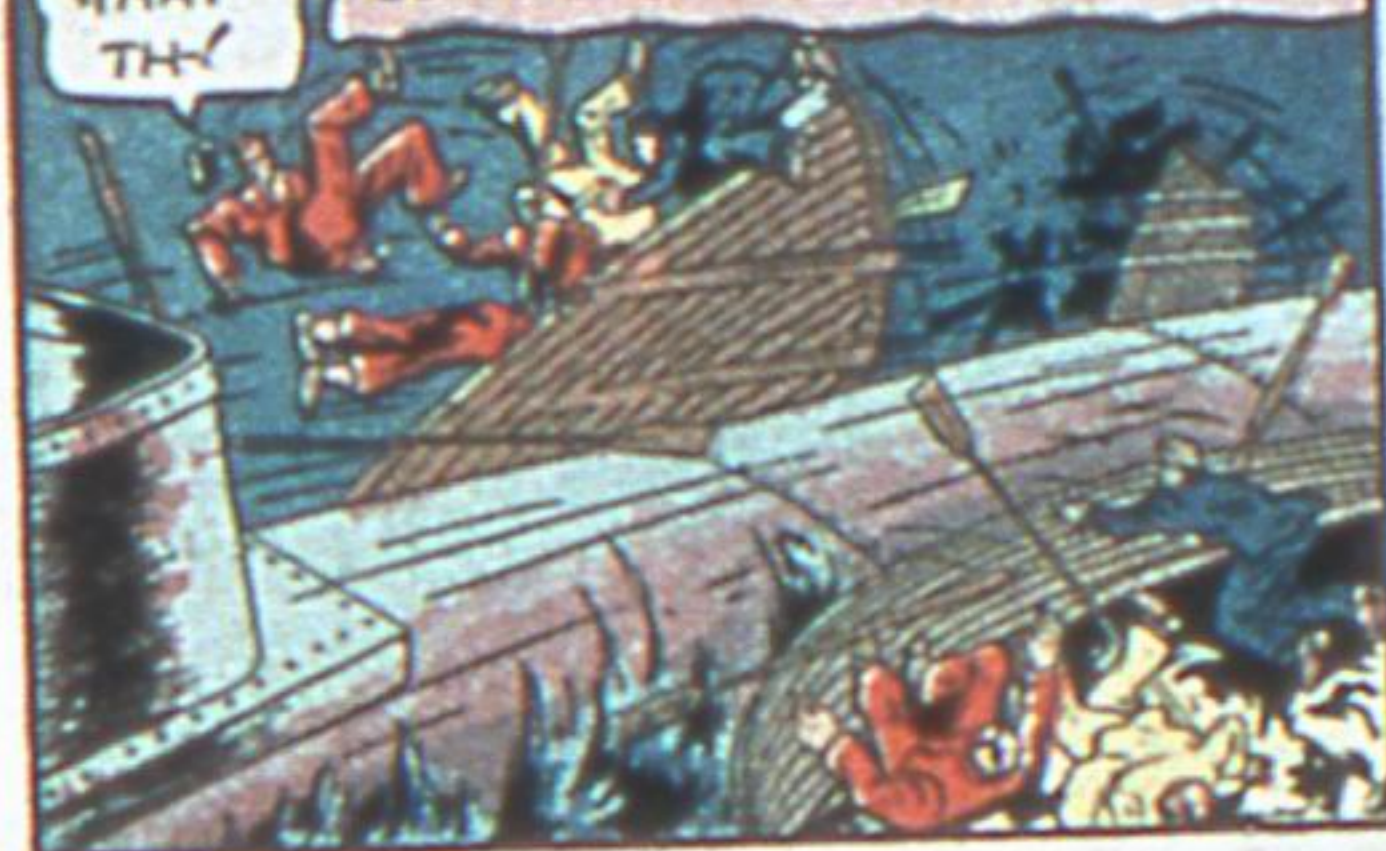
OKAY, MEN! WE'LL KNOCK OFF FOR A LITTLE GRUB - KOZAC - YOU STAND GUARD!

RIGHT, CAP.



WHAT TH?

SUDDENLY THE PHANTOM SUB COMES UP BENEATH THEM.

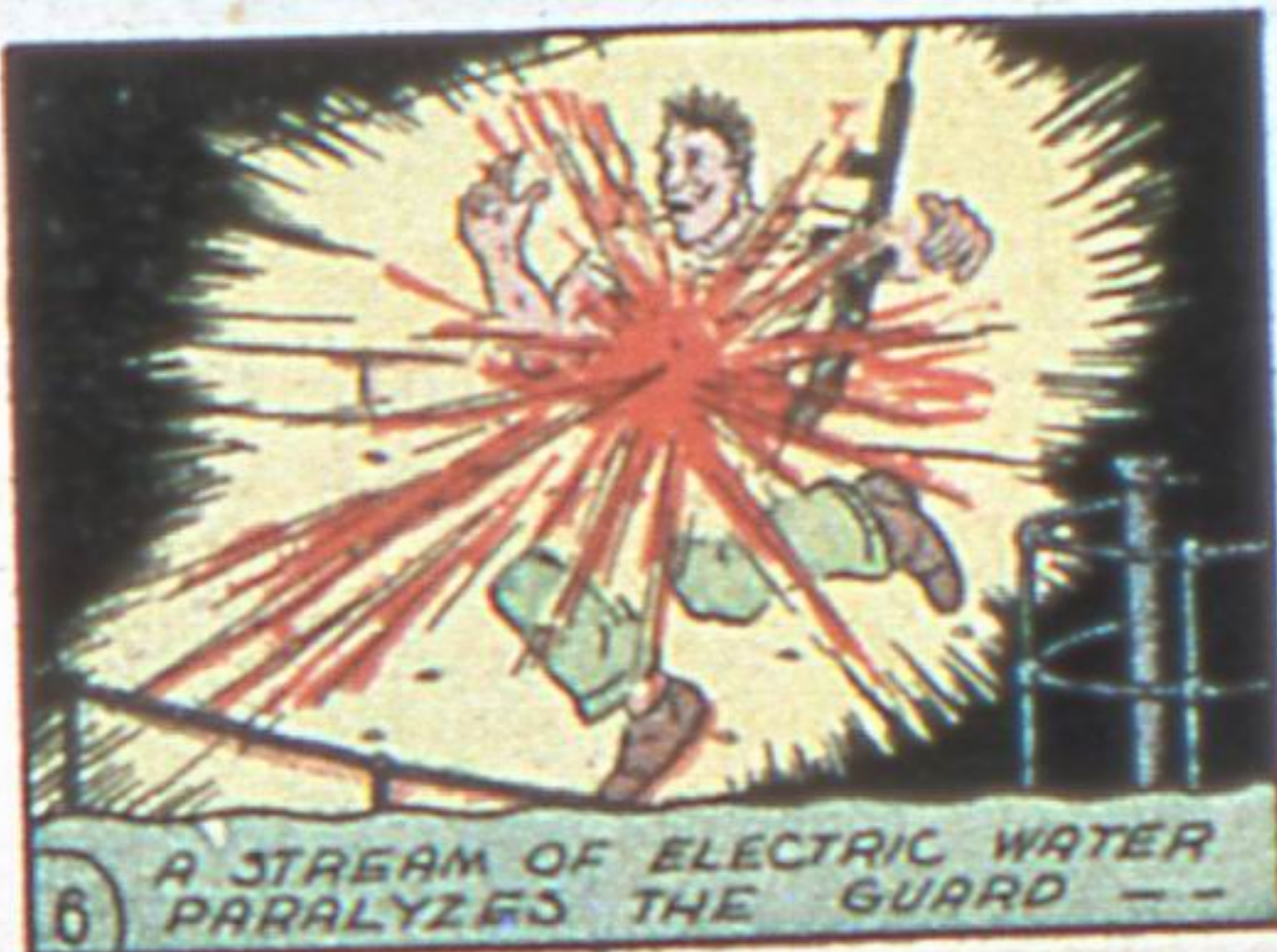


THE PHANTOM CREW AND THEIR NEW GUN WRECK HAVOC -



WELL, I GUESS THAT FIXES THEM -

OH, NO IT DOESN'T! LOOK - THERE'S A WHOLE BOATLOAD AND IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'LL GET AWAY!



6 A STREAM OF ELECTRIC WATER PARALYZES THE GUARD -



OH, YEAH! GIVE THEM
A TASTE OF SOME
COMPRESSED WATER
BOYS - A GOOD
STIFF ONE,
TOO!

HERE SHE
GOES -



THE PROJECTILE OF TERRIFICALLY
COMPRESSED WATER SHOOT'S
ALONG THE SURFACE.



IT PICKS THE BOAT UP LIKE A
CHIP. - AND -



-DRIVES IT WITH TREMENDOUS
SPEED TO THE BEACH, WHERE--



SMACK



HA-HA! I'LL BET
THAT WAS THE
FASTEST RIDE
THEY EVER
HAD!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS -
PICK UP THE
PIECES!

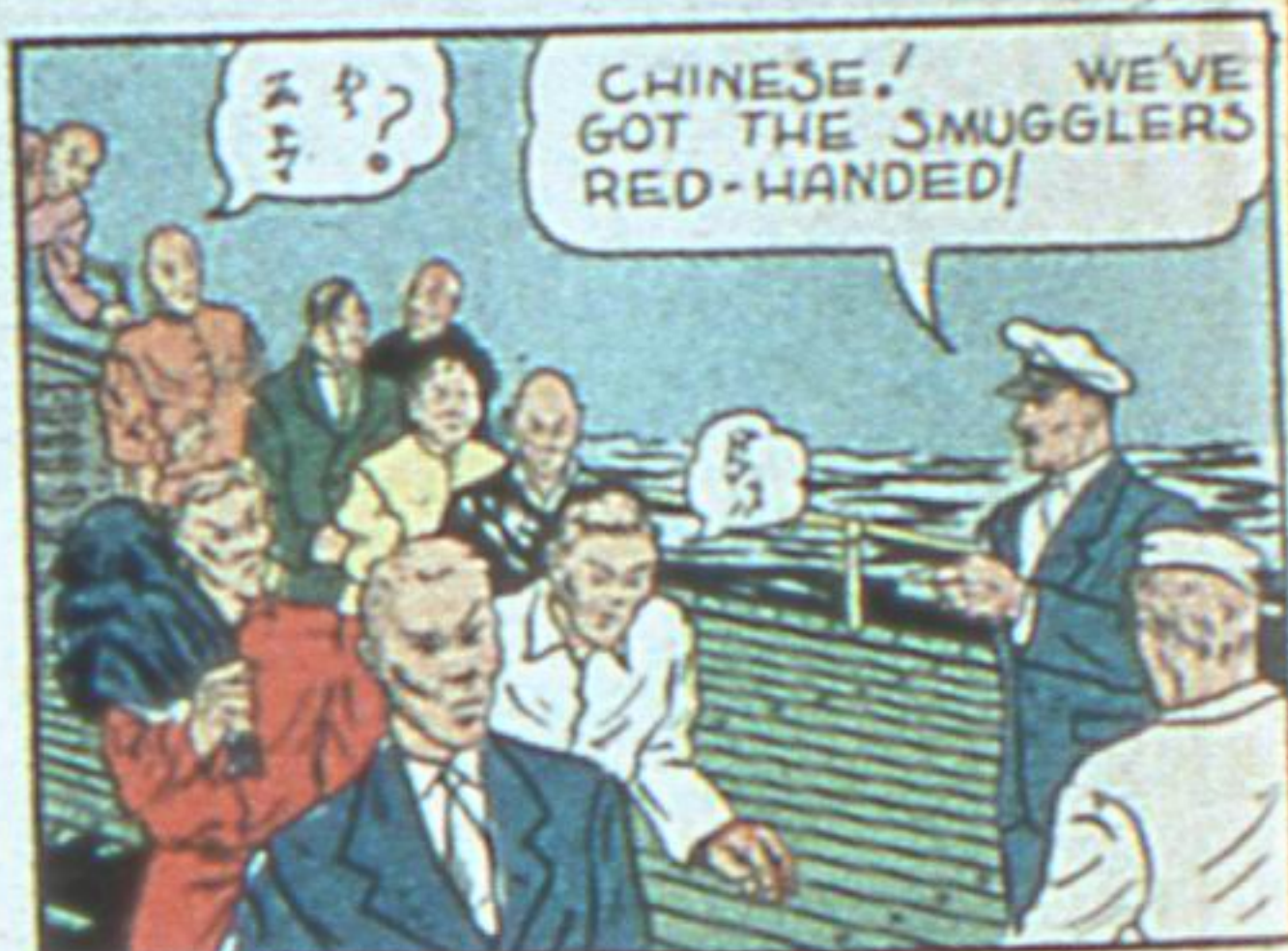
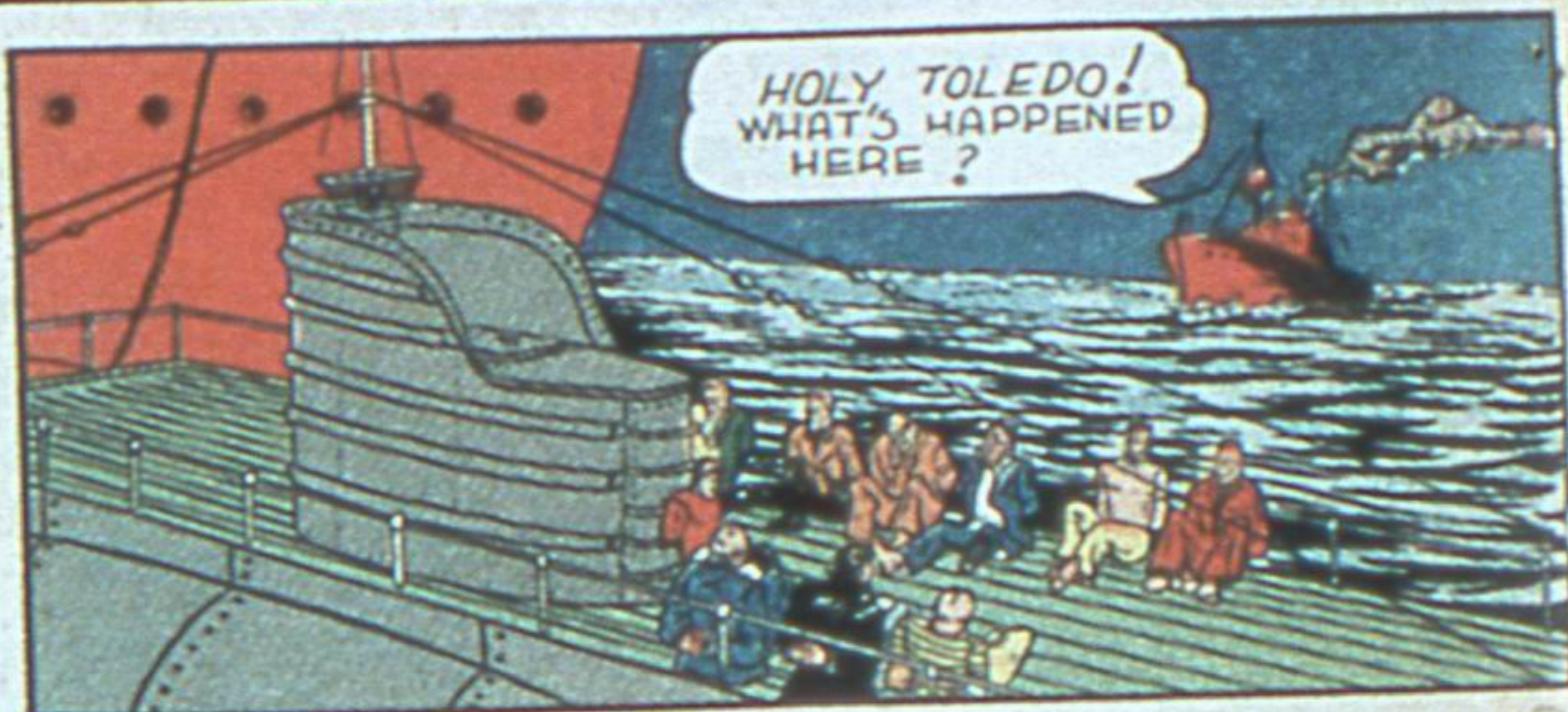


WELL, I GUESS THAT
FIXES THAT! -

THE SMUGGLING CREW IS NOW A
SORRY-LOOKING LOT -



STAN - GIVE OUR
COAST GUARD FRIENDS
A FEW SMUGGLING
HINTS!



BOYS! \$ \$ WIN \$ \$ GIRLS!

25 CASH PRIZES

JUST WRITE A LETTER AND TELL US WHY YOU LIKE "BLUE BOLT"

IT'S FUN,
AND SO
EASY!

**WIN THIS
EASY MONEY**

!!!

**TWENTY FIVE CASH
PRIZES IN ALL!
FOR WINNING LETTERS**

1st Prize \$10.00
2nd Prize \$5.00
3rd—5th Prizes . . \$3.00
6th—8th Prizes . . \$2.50
9th—14th Prizes . . \$2.00
15th—25th Prizes . \$1.00

This is the second issue of **BLUE BOLT**, a companion cartoon-strip magazine to **TARGET**, and we want you to help us make **BLUE BOLT** one of the best magazines on the market.

We are giving twenty-five (25) Cash Prizes to the boys or girls sending in the twenty-five best letters telling us why they like **BLUE BOLT** magazine, together with the coupon at the bottom of this page properly filled out.

First Prize of \$10.00 will go to the boy or girl sending in the best letter, the second prize of \$5.00 will go to the next best letter, and so on until all of the twenty-five prizes are awarded. Neatness and originality will count in the judges' decision. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. No letter will be returned, and all letters will become the property of **BLUE BOLT** magazine. The judges' decision will be final. *Print your name and address clearly on the letter, and on the coupon.* Mail your letter and coupon to **BLUE BOLT**, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., no later than June 12th, 1940. Get busy now—and win some vacation money! Winners will be announced in an early issue—and you may be one of the lucky boys or girls.

I LIKE THESE BLUE BOLT FEATURES BEST:

I have read EACH feature listed below, and have placed a check mark in the square alongside of the three features I like the best in the magazine. I am also writing a letter telling why I read **BLUE BOLT** magazine, and what I'd like to see in the next issues.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> FANTOM SUB | <input type="checkbox"/> CAPTAIN HAWKINS' TALE | <input type="checkbox"/> EDISON BELL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DICK COLE | <input type="checkbox"/> WHITE RIDER AND SUPER HORSE | <input type="checkbox"/> "RUNAWAY" RONSON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PAGE PARKS, AIR HOSTESS | <input type="checkbox"/> PONY TRACKS | <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE BOLT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SUB-ZERO MAN | <input type="checkbox"/> ANIMATION | <input type="checkbox"/> SUB-ZERO'S ADVENTURES ON EARTH (Fiction Story) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SERGEANT SPOOK | | |

(Check three features only. Then write your letter about those three.)

PRINT NAME _____ AGE _____
STREET _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____

Send this coupon, with your letter, to **BLUE BOLT**, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., no later than June 12th, 1940. The sooner the better. You may win one of the many prizes!



START YOUR TREASURE CHEST NOW!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

Have fun and save by buying through **TREASURE HOUSE**. All items are guaranteed to be of first quality and will reach you in good order, otherwise we'll refund your money. The prizes are **REAL BARGAINS** and shipments will be made to you without delay. Make your friends envious! Start your treasure house now by buying quality merchandise at the right price from **TREASURE HOUSE**



**CAMP KNIFE
AND SHEATH**
MO-101 **75¢**

Blade about 5" long from guard to point, tempered carbon steel, keen cutting edge. Handle 3 3/4" long, made of bone securely fastened to steel handle with brass rivets. Sheath heavy top grain leather — saddle tan color. Securely sewn and riveted. Safety snap loop for handle to prevent loss.



**REARWIN SPEEDSTER WITH
MOLDED FUSELAGE**

MO-111 **25¢**

This is a model airplane construction set which when made up is a replica of the famous Rearwin Speedster. The molded fuselage makes model building easier and makes a much nicer finished ship.



**JOE DI MAGGIO
SWEAT SHIRT
AND CAP**

MO-112 **\$1.00**

Hey, fellers, you'll want the Joe Di Maggio outfit with his picture on cap and shirt. It's the real thing and will make your pal's eyes pop with envy. Shirt sizes 6 to 14 years; cap 6 1/2 to 7. Be sure to state your size when ordering.



**FIELDER'S
GLOVE**

MO-105 **\$1.25**

Made of genuine top-grain horsehide; formed pocket; palm lined with soft leather; adjustable wrist strap.

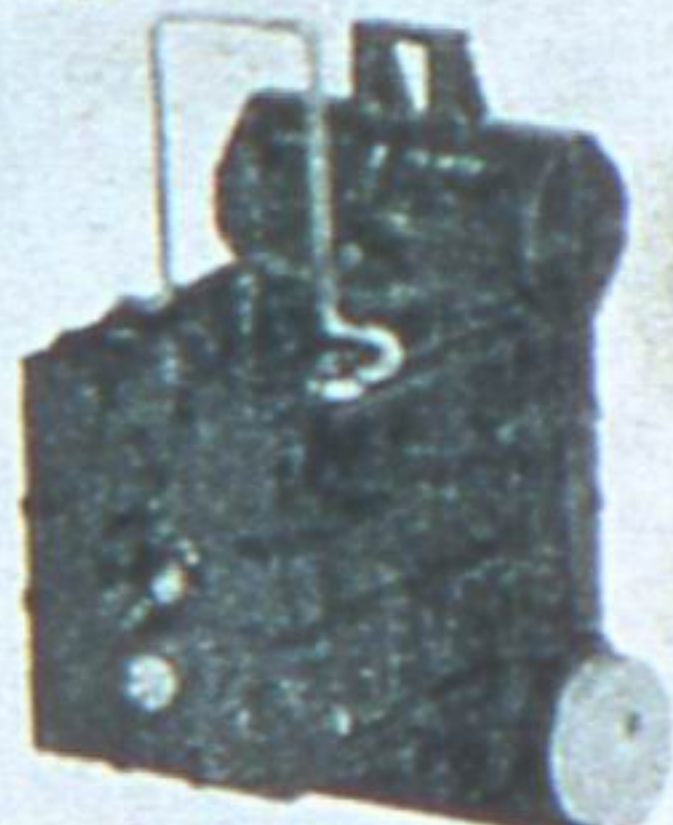


**LITTLE MASTER
PRINTING PRESS** MO-108

\$1.00

Constructed of steel in 3 color finish. Fully equipped with: Automatic inker, Steel ink plate, Solid rubber roller.

Font of 12 point metal type, Ink and Brush, Paper and instructions. Easy to set — simple to operate. Weight approx. 2 1/2 pounds.



**UNIVEX
CAMERA** MO-103 **40¢**

Black molded plastic camera about 3 1/2" x 2 1/2" deep. Takes pictures 1 1/2" x 1 1/8" which can be easily enlarged to any size up to 5" x 7".

Send Your Order and Remittance to

Treasure House Dept
115 West 19th Street
New York, N. Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.

